

**CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
OF COMMERCE
1931**

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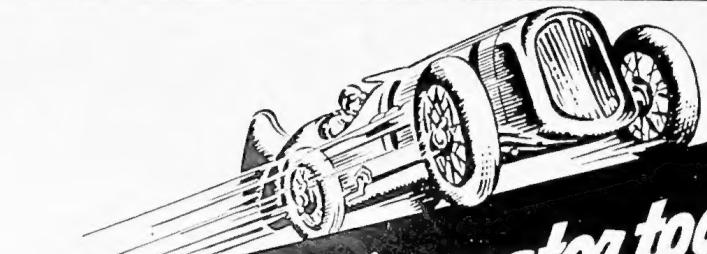
Jewellers & Optometrists

Hamilton - W. & S. PAGE

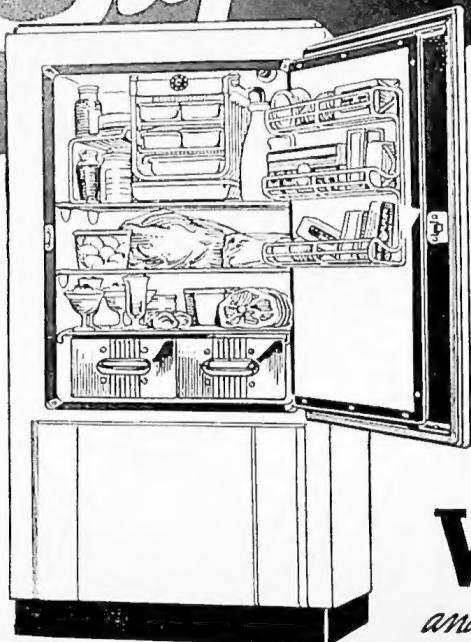
District School Board

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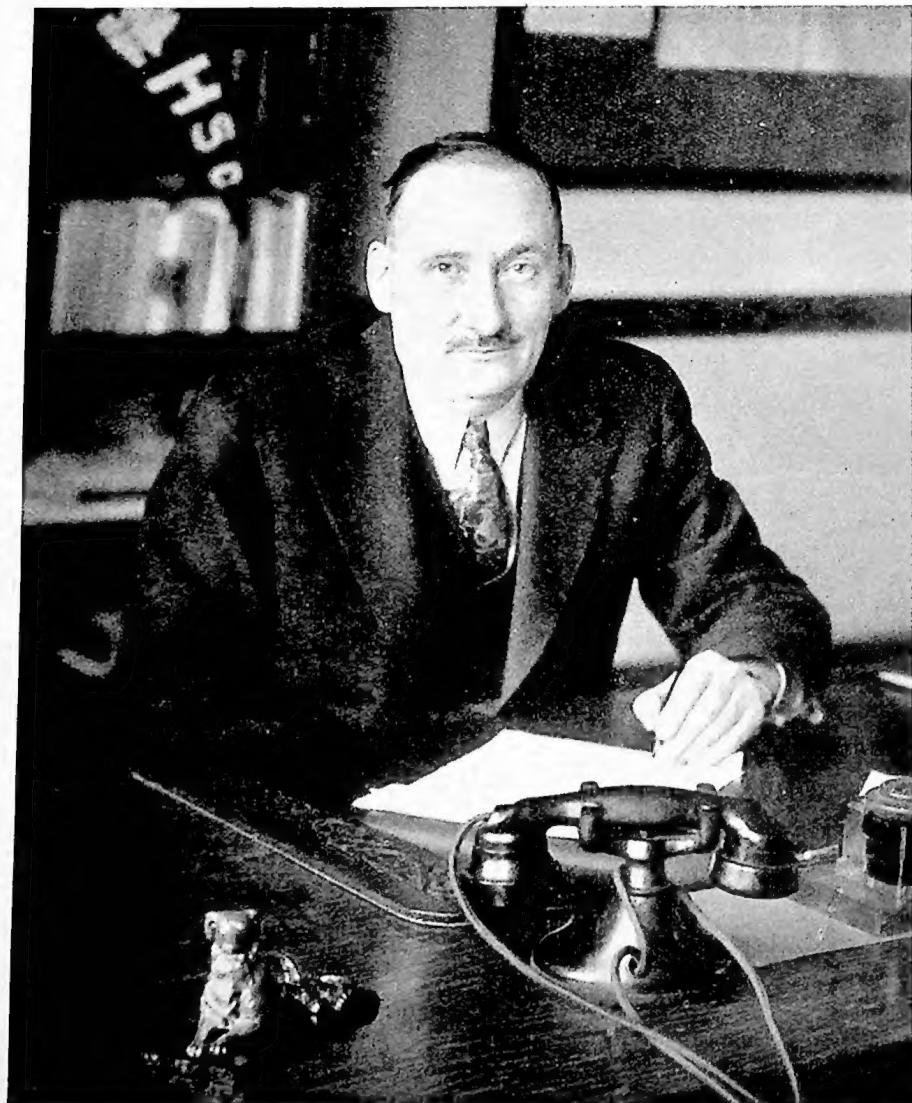
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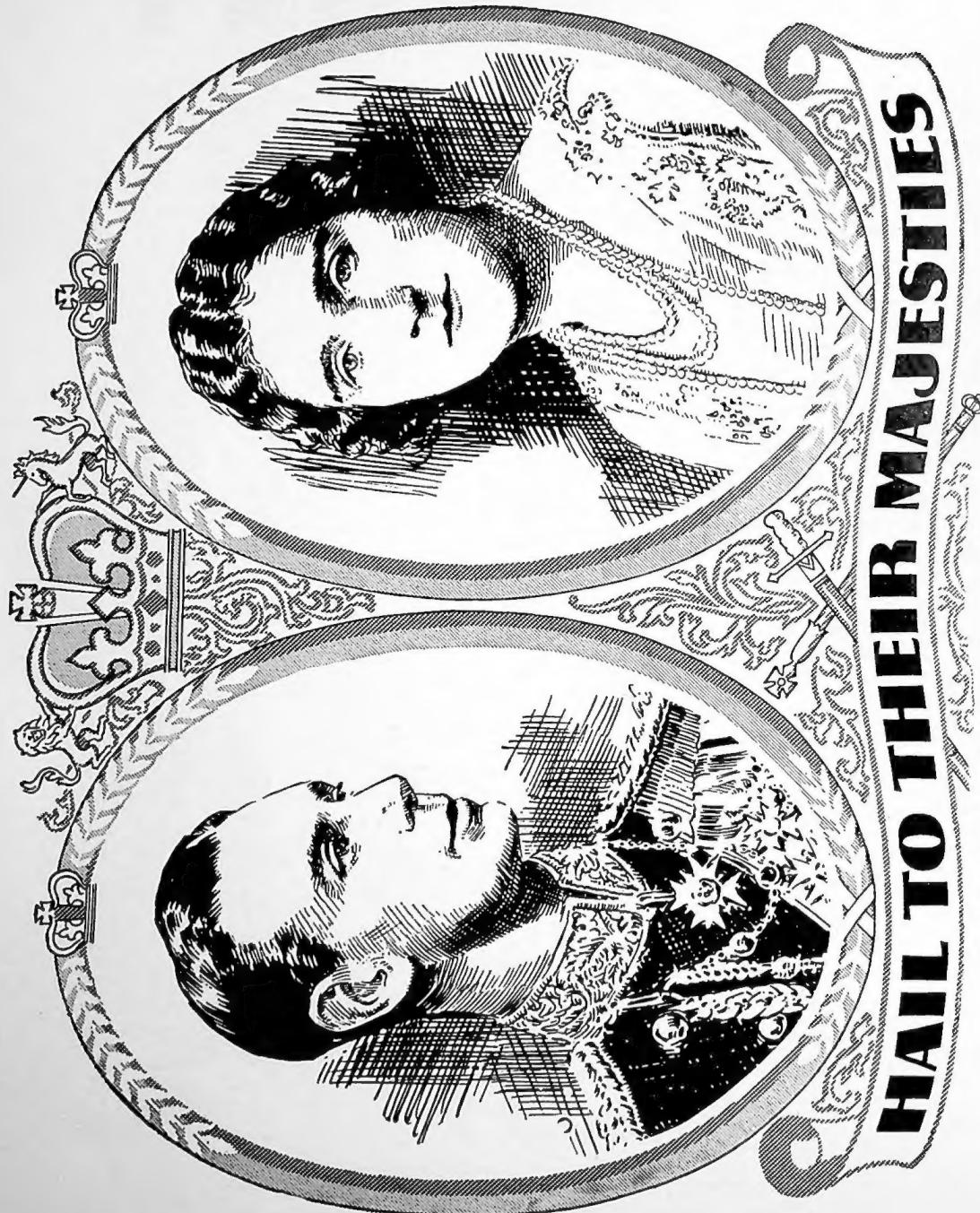
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OUR PRINCIPAL



HAIL TO THEIR MAJESTIES

In this the first year of his reign, we, the Staff and Students of the Central High School of Commerce, pledge our allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King George VI.

With the many million of his subjects in all parts of the world, we join in wishing for him—and our Gracious Queen Elizabeth—a long life full of all health and happiness.

“God Save the King”

THE ARGOSY

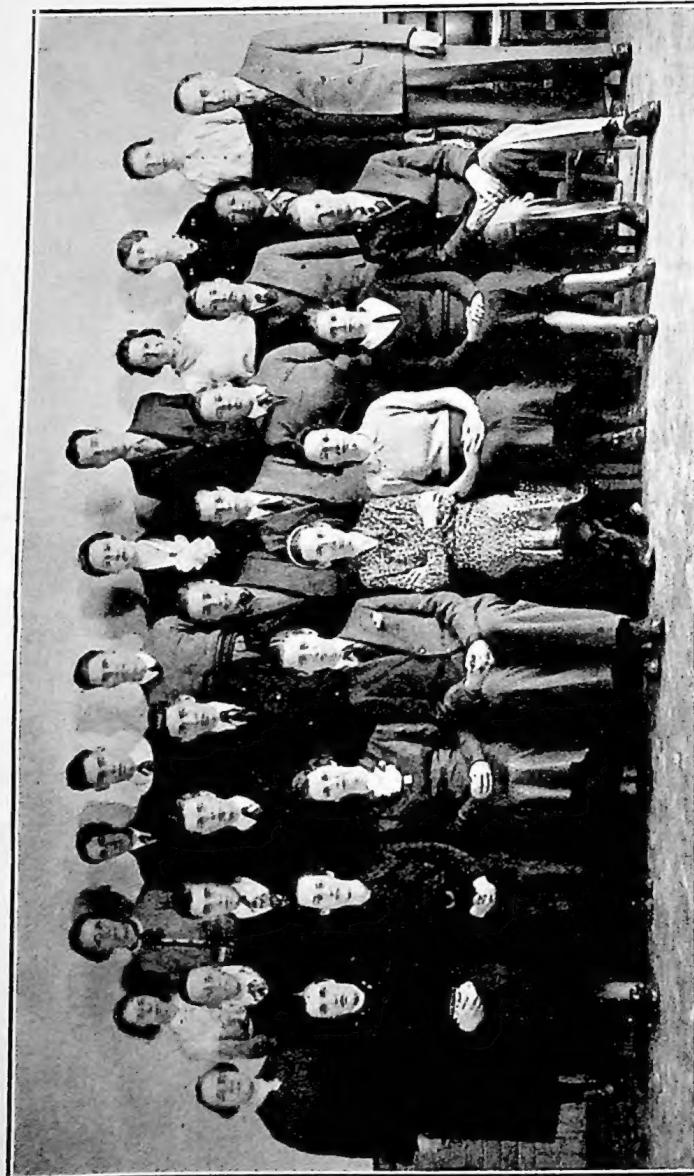


HAMILTON, CANADA

Coronation
Number

VOLUME FIVE
1937





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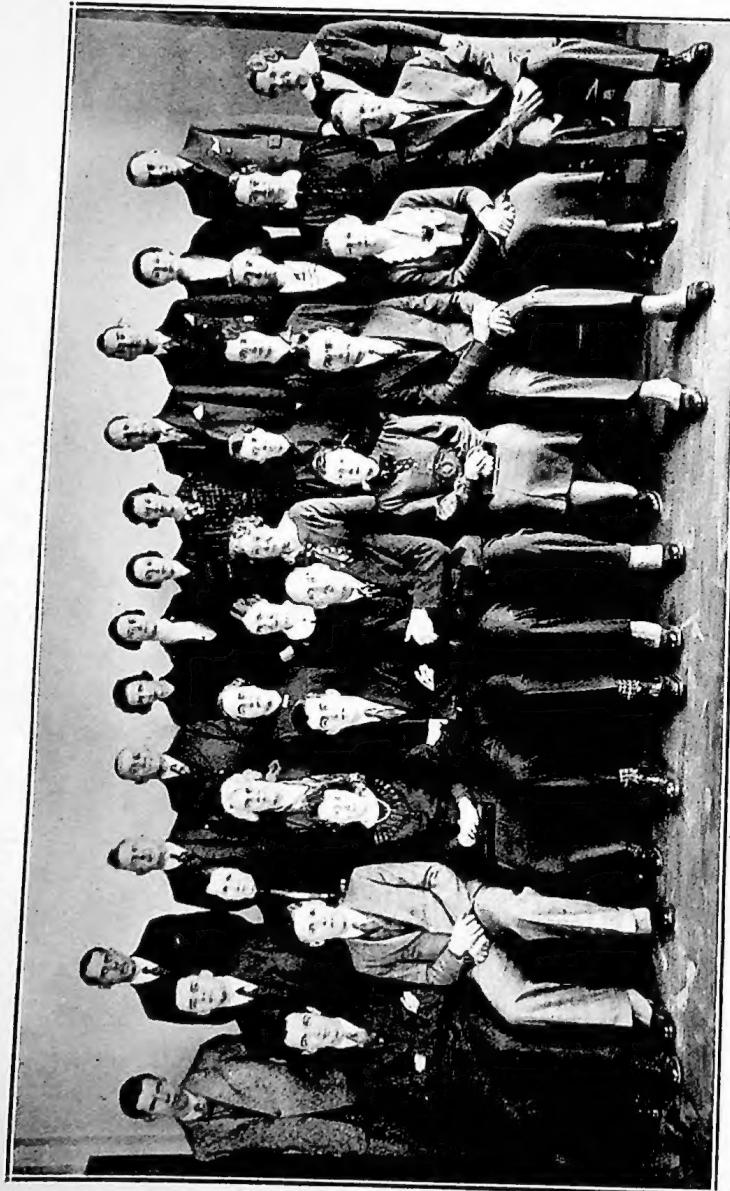
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Editorial

Salute to The Argosy

by

A. ANDREW MERRILEES



It is with great pleasure that the Central High School of Commerce presents the fifth edition of the "Argosy", a magazine of which its editorial staff feels justly proud.

With its publication the school not only celebrates five years of increased enrollment but has produced by far the largest, thickest, and we hope, the highest quality magazine in its existence.

Exactly commensurate with the phenomenal growth of the "Argosy" is the equally rapid growth of the school. Previous to 1933, the Central High School of Commerce occupied some ten rooms in the Ballard School, six rooms in the Central Collegiate Institute and twelve rooms in the Technical School. The present structure, built at the lowest ebb of the depression, and devoid of enough pupils to fill its numerous classrooms, was a school built for the future—and, we hope to say, a school with a future.

With its present attendance of 1,122 pupils, the second largest number of any school in Hamilton, the school has now justified the optimism and far-sightedness which characterized its construction.

To-day, Hamilton's largest centre of commercial education, it enters its fifth anniversary a school

filled to capacity, and feeling greatly the need for early expansion.

Printed on the best quality stock, replete with interesting and carefully selected stories, the 1937 "Argosy" ably portrays the rapid progress made by the Central High School of Commerce.

This year's "Argosy," while composed of many of the features of previous issues, will, to the practised eye, present features heretofore unseen in a Canadian school magazine. The practise of using concise sub-headings, a policy adhered to closely by many of our leading magazines, is incorporated with readable typography and a wide choice of material to make the "Argosy" a "leader" among school annuals.

The persistent queries and widespread speculation relative to the progress of the "Argosy" are evidences of its enthusiastic following, and the editor wishes to thank students for their much appreciated co-operation.

It is our hope that the "Argosy" will prove an indispensable memoir of the happy times at old "Commerce," and, as the magazine goes to press, we take this opportunity to wish it "Bon Voyage," and every success.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

And to Thine Own Self be True

by

A. ANDREW MERRILEES, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Many who have read the book or seen the picture "David Copperfield" will have laughed at the subtle, scheming personality of the villain, Uriah Heep.

Copperfield, after being introduced to this hypocrite, queries:

"I suppose you are quite a great lawyer?"

"Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh, no! I'm a very 'umble person. I'm well aware that I am the 'umblest person going," said Uriah Heep modestly, "let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very 'umble person. We

live in an 'umble abode, Master Copperfield, but we have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was 'umble; 'e was a sexton."

Pitiful? No! Laughable? Yes! Why? Because even through the mask of affectation with which Heep surrounds himself, the reader can sense that Heep is a charlatan, a fake.

H. C. Nixon, in his scholarly book, "Psychology for the Writer," says:

"It is probable that in his youth Uriah received an extra sixpence or a pat on the head for being 'umble'" He found that this was a way of get-

ting what he wanted in the world. Like the cat which learned to mew when it wanted to get out of the cage, Uriah came to practice humility by habit."

However humorous he may seem, Heep stands as an everlasting example of a person, who, impeded by monetary or environmental barriers in early life, resorted to substitute activity to gain his ends.

On every side we find people that fall easily into this category. In our class we find a boy who had previously wanted to be an aviator, but, lacking the initiative to pursue his ambition, became a delivery boy for Smith's Drug Store. At our club we meet a pseudo-musician who will converse at length on the merits of various composers but when faced with the reality of composing something himself is at a loss. In fiction we read of the winsome young maiden, who, after losing her Prince Charming to another, enters a convent or seeks solace as a misanthropist or an ardent church worker.

Poor deluded humans; all seeking that elusive thing, happiness, but finding it not. And why? Because, instead of facing their problems squarely, they have diverted their effort into channels which will not lead to success. Ending lives dogged with unhappiness and unfulfilment; disillusioned and content to say, "They will be done, oh Lord!" they round out their three score years and ten, hiding their faces from reality.

Oh, they have worked hard! Good honest toil! They did their best they will say, but their bosses were old gourches and they fired them after the efficiency experts got around. The stock market crash of 1929 had "got" them. Mother had a nervous breakdown and sonny had to stay home on the farm, etc., etc.

"Ha!" laughs the cynic, "the original downtrodden proletariats, the bourgeoisie; food for the Communists! What have you got?—excuses! excuses! excuses!"

Thus is sympathy meted out to the grumblers who aver that they have been "cheated" out of success by a rigid economic system or by other forces, all of which are easily within their control.

Where is the basic trouble? What is the cause of this disillusionment and unhappiness? You guessed it! In ourselves. And it does not require a delving into H. G. Wells' "Anatomy of Frustration" to learn that excuse-making is largely due to the inability of the individual to "stand up and take it on the chin."

Let me quote from one of the most inspirational books of the year, "Wake Up and Live!" by Dorothea Brande:

"Why do we accomplish so little, and thwart ourselves senselessly?—do we think we are being properly philosophical when we give ourselves and others excuses for failure which will not hold water? We deceive no one, although our compromises and excuses are accepted by our fellows as long as they are in the same boat."

How revealing! Such a statement is a life stab at hypocrisy. Why must we go along kidding others, but worst of all "kidding ourselves?" It was exactly this same hiding from reality that taught subtle Uriah Heep his sob story, and it is this same hiding from reality that leads young people into lives of apathy and discontent.

Equally true is this statement when relative to finding a job. Every boy or girl has ambitions, which, dependent entirely upon his positive or negative effort, he lives to see as realities or as unfulfilled dreams.

Is it not fear, borne of an inability to "take it on the chin" that causes the young student, afraid in his insecurity, to forfeit his cherished ambitions in return for a job in Smith's Drug Store? Is it not fear, coupled with the mad desire to "get a job right away," that causes the bright star of unfulfilled ambition to be blinded in the white-hot maws of open-hearth furnaces, drowned out by the roar of steel mills, and crucified on the power loom?

Readers! Don't be excuse-makers. Don't be dreamers! Be doers! And most of all be true to yourself. Most of the people who will read this will be high school students—treading the uncertain paths of adolescence. Not knowing where to turn! All have ideals. Some have the courage of conviction to see their dreams come true. Some will not. To these I say, "Think! You have an ideal, cultivate it. Don't dream; don't kid yourself; don't hide from reality, don't for fear that you won't realize your ambition, excuse yourself into mediocrity! WORK!"

If you don't, prepare for the psychiatrist. Prepare to become a nonentity; an inhibited, inferiority complexed Milquetoast. The fact remains that no one has ever solved a problem by running away from it, and those that realize it will save not only themselves but the world from hypocrisy.

Congratulations

The "Argosy's" former editors laud the Fifth Edition—Flower greetings from erstwhile knights of the blue pencil

My first words must be words of congratulation—congratulation that you, or may I say we, have made such strides since our entering the new building.

As one thinks of the six rooms that were ours in the Ballard School in 1932 and the note book containing what was known as "The Commercial News," one cannot help but feel proud—justly proud that he is a graduate of the C. H. S. C. Wherever one goes today, graduates of our school are highly spoken of and young people today are looking more and more to commercial education.

But this happy state which our school enjoys has only been brought about and is only maintained by the loyalty of its students—loyalty to the school, loyalty to those principles for which it stands. Soon it will be graduation time again and many of you will be leaving the school to join the ever swelling ranks of "Commerce" graduates. To you our school extends the solemn charge of upholding the dignity and honour of the school which we are pleased and proud to call our own.

May our school ever be proud of us!

JACK CONNOR,

President of the first Student Council, 1932-33.

When I last wrote in this magazine I introduced it to the readers as a babe among school magazines. Since then I have been informed that it has grown an inch and a half in one direction and an inch in another, which leaves me to assume it has passed well out of the adolescent stage; so now I am somewhat in the same position as those dear old ladies, who, on viewing a favourite nephew sporting a new moustache for the first time, exclaim with gentle astonishment, "My, you're quite a big boy now!" It is pleasant to know that the proverbial torch is being carried on in able hands.

Without sketching any harrowing details of old graduates weeping copiously as they turn over well-thumbed issues of their school magazine, I would like to guarantee that your school magazine will furnish you dividends of enjoyment for a long time. The people who help to make a tangible record of the school year possible are to be congratulated for the work and the material they put into it. My very best wishes to the continued success of the "Argosy," and the splendid development it has shown!

Editor, 1934.

D. S. HUTCHISON

How many of us realize what a link the Argosy is to us after we have left our place of learning? It refreshes our memories and recalls old faces and associates bringing to mind many happy days. It is then we seem to fully appreciate the Central High School of Commerce.

In this alone it is an invaluable publication and as it steadily increases in size and circulation from year to year may we hope that it will help to inspire others to keep in mind the valuable lessons taught us within the school.

As each year draws to a close, editors vie with each other to produce something a little better than that contained in the previous issue. Long may they continue to do so, and keep in mind their aim of making the Argosy the finest publication of its kind in Canada.

And so forward for a bigger, better and brighter Argosy.

MARGARET NEWMAN,
Editor, 1935.

Often you may trace the destinies of peoples by means of postage stamps. Likewise, the school magazine is the only means or instrument which can trace and record the school activities and progress for any given time; thus "The Argosy", in its fifth year of existence, rightly deserves to stand out and receive "three cheers."

Besides being an account of the social, dramatic, athletic, musical and other activities of the school year, it is a large, richly-freighted vessel in which is stored unlimited treasures for later years.

Our school paper has grown greatly, notably in quality and material, since 1933, developing many hidden resources, as well as clarifying and comparing matters of ideals, standards, and beliefs. It has become a fundamental source of increased information. It brings back worth-while and interesting friendships with the principal, the teachers, and the fellow students. It gives one a chance to keep in touch, and even take a part in certain activities of the school, though many years pass.

The magazine, like "Central High" has many years before it—why not make it a masterpiece? Why not plan and work to make it a notable creation and thus challenge every one to go on producing equally good work and better, year on year?

To "The Argosy" of 1937 and its staff—sincere and hearty congratulations. I am eagerly looking forward to the 1937 issue.

To Mr. T. W. Oates, teachers, and fellow students—best wishes and much success.

Editor, 1936.

JOAN BEATT

Castles in Spain

One way of spending a pleasant night

Prize-Winning Story

by

ANN BEASLEY

Ah! how thrilling are the thoughtful minutes spent just before sleep closes my eyes! Each night I visit my "Dream Castle", which is built on the northern star. Let me describe it to you. While I lie in bed gazing at this star a path is gradually formed leading from my window to its gleaming radiance. I walk up these silver stairs, and half-way a knight on horseback meets me. Sometimes he is Sir Lancelot, but more often Sir Gallahad. Before long a magnificent castle appears, and as we approach the moat I hear the snores of Rip Van Winkle, who has fallen asleep again.

The gigantic door swings open, and we are announced to all within earshot. I call this place my "Dream Castle," because in it are all the characters from my favourite books whom I take turns in visiting each night. I shall call upon as many as possible now.

Loud laughter reaches my ears, and in a large room are King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table sporting with Robin Hood and his Merry Men, and smoking such strong tobacco that I hasten quickly to another place. Here are David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, and all their companions, listening to Micawber recite a bedtime story. I slip out quietly and bump into Charles Dickens, who is paying a visit to the children.

I have not seen my sea friends for a few weeks, and, since the submarine is drawn up at the moat, there is no time like the present. My, how exciting it is shooting through the water—Oh! there are some mermaids; they are coming to welcome me, and as we glide along—oh dear!—we have just

scattered a school of young fish, and their teacher, an enormous lobster, has lost his spectacles. Perhaps it is just as well for now we may escape. Here are the Water Babies, Ouch! Who's pinching me? Why it's Tom, full of his usual pranks.

My, how time flies! I wish—what's this? It's Aladdin's lamp. Now my wish will be granted! I wish to ascend to the tower. Wheee! That was speedy!

All the gods and goddesses are feasting here, at present Thor is giving a speech in his thundering voice. Jupiter has just spied me, and the others, alarmed at the sight of a mortal, rise quickly. Mercury lifts his winged rod—What is this queer feeling? I have become invisible. How strange it is passing through the floor.

I am now at Hans Brinker's skating party; the central figure is Alice in Wonderland, who, by means of her little cakes, is changing in size much to the amusement of Boy Blue, Bo Peep, and Jack Spratt.

I'm sliding through the floor again. Oh! this is the Dungeon of Terrors, and to make matters worse I am regaining my natural shape. What an ugly laugh! Horrors! It's Fu Manchu—I must run, but where to? There is Mr. Hyde directly in my path, to my left is the Hunchback of Notre Dame; and to the right is Dracula. I have no lamp to rub this time! I hear pounding hoofs, it is Black Beauty to the rescue. I straddle her, and now we are galloping speedily away. Ho hum—I'm so sleepy—ah, there is my window—mmmm how cozy this is . . . Good Night!

The Eyes of The Octopus

A sinister tale of the death struggle of a pearl diver.

Prize-Winning Story

by

OLIVE G. THEOBOLD

Glassy, fixed and never moving, yet seeing all, the eyes of the octopus gleam through the murky depths of the mysterious sea.

A fish swims lazily by and with unbelievable quickness—a long, snake-like arm stretches out and encircles the unhappy victim. The fish is soon

drawn down and disappears from sight under a mass of blackness.

While in the heart of the sea, a fish has met its fate, on the surface a pearl diver is preparing to descend. Little does he know of the horror of that unexplored realm. Flinging his small sack over his

shoulder, he fixes his dagger-like knife in his belt, take a deep breath and plunges into the unknown, in quest of the little white seeds that have lured so many to their deaths.

Down! Down! Down! Never stopping, the pressure becoming greater and greater, at last he reaches the bottom. His hands feel among the soft, slimy weeds for the hard shells of what he seeks—none—He moves on a little farther. So engrossed is he in his work that he does not notice a shadow coming up slowly behind him. The fish which have been taking no notice of him turn and swim in every direction. He whirls and pushes off but not in time to evade the black whip that lashes through the water and wraps itself around his waist. In a flash his hand is at his belt and the knife lunges at the talons that hold him. Another weaving, curling tentacle swings gracefully toward him and

curls around his legs.

Frantically he hacks at the black mass in front of him, ever seeking the one vulnerable spot—the eye. His lungs are bursting, his arms begin to weaken, while the tentacles, ever tightening, draw him closer and closer. The octopus lifts up its jelly-like body and those twin orbs of glass come into view. Closer, closer the diver is drawn. Nearer, nearer to those eyes. His arms relax, the knife drops from his hand and the last spark of life is crushed from his body. As he is drawn to the lipless tube that is the monster's mouth, his lifeless hand drags over the bottom of the sea, brushing aside the weeds and disclosing multitudes of oyster shells.

The huge bulk of the octopus moves slowly away; soon some other unlucky victim will fall into his power never to breathe again. To see the eyes of the octopus is to die.

Czechoslovakia

(Prize-Winning Article)

by

GEORGINA SUKOVITY

Georgina Sukovity, fourteen year old Czech student, describes scenes and ceremonies in this interesting Central European country.

I was born in Czechoslovakia fourteen years ago, but came to Canada at the age of seven years. I cannot remember much about the country, but I shall tell you all I have learned about it from my parents.

Czechoslovakia is a small country, approximately 50,000 kilometres—one kilometre is about a mile and a half—and it has a population of about 15,000,000 people. There are many lakes, forests, and rivers which make it look very picturesque both in summer and in winter.

Most Czechoslovakians are intelligent, highly-educated people, and the country can boast of many great universities, especially Charles' University, which is said to be one of the oldest in Europe.

The principal industry of the country is agriculture, and the majority of the people engage in working their own land. The industries are much on the same level as those in other parts of the world and they carry on trade with most of the countries of Europe and America.

In the home life of the people there are many traditional customs which have existed from century to century. In some of the villages the customs are much the same, while in others farther

away, they are quite different. One of these is that of the wedding ceremony. The weddings are carried out in an entirely different manner from those conducted here. For one thing, the costume is different. Although it is difficult to describe the costumes, you not having seen them, this is what they are like: The bride wears many lace petticoats, sometimes as many as five or ten, under a black velvet or serge skirt to make her look wider. Then a white shirt with big puffed sleeves, usually starched, with lace around the edges, is tucked into the skirt like a blouse, and over this is worn a brightly-coloured headed jacket, with a sash around the waist, which ties at the front. Lastly, there is a bright, flowered apron of silk or satin, and a wreath of flowers on the bride's head. The bridegroom is much more plainly dressed. He wears a dark suit, white gloves, and has flowers in the lapel of his coat. After the ceremony, the couple do not go on a honeymoon as they do here, but go to the bride's home where a feast is spread for them and where they and the guests join in jokes and other fun. The feast usually lasts from three to four days.

The wedding, as you know, is a cheery custom in any country, but let me tell you of a much sadder one—the funeral. If a single person dies, he has a very elaborate funeral. The coffin is usually dark brown with white satin lining, and flowers at the head and foot of it. The whole

village turns out for the funeral. The young girls wear the national costume, which I just described, and the boys wear wide white bands across their shoulders and carry the coffin on a stretcher. First there is a church service, and then a band of musicians and singers play solemn music from church to cemetery. The procession is sometimes a mile long.

But now to leave the customs and go on to sports. The winter sports consist of skiing on the Tara Mountains, sleighing and skating. In summer

there are swimming, ball playing and physical training in camps.

Czechoslovakia is also famous for its baths, and people from all parts of the world come to be cured of their sicknesses. The most famous of these are the Carol's Baths, which are expensive, but there are less expensive ones, which even the poorest people can afford. The country is very beautiful and if I ever have a chance, I should like to go and visit my native land where many of my relatives are.

Retribution

by
ALMA PRYKE

It had been raining. For a late fall day it had been a remarkably warm rain—one which Mother Nature foolishly, or for sake of conversation on the part of gossipy humans, had let loose on the city of Millersburgh. As usual with autumn, the days begin to dim earlier in preparation for the dark shroud of winter. With them they bring chilling weather, damp, foggy weather, that strikes to the very marrow of the bones, and depresses mind and body.

The city of Millersburgh was by no means a huge metropolis—it did not harbour millions. On the other hand it was just the ordinary city, too large to be called a town, small enough for friendly neighbourhoods, and possessing many self-contained businesses. But, I must impress this fact, Millersburgh was no ordinary city according to the citizens of Millersburgh. Egotistical, pompous, it stood for progressiveness, not only for itself but for the surrounding community. It was Millersburgh, the leader.

Many citizens of Millersburgh knew Mr. John Smith, president, honorary president, past president, head of many boards of directors, etc., etc. being in almost everything except the mayoralty chair itself. He symbolised Millersburgh to a "T" and was proud of it; proud that he ruled with an iron hand and mapped out the destinies of those under him.

Driving his sleek, high-powered car at such an excessive speed over wet, greasy streets did not alarm Mr. Smith a great deal. He knew the sharp tongue of his wife would nag him unceasingly if he did not arrive in time for supper. Already it was creeping perilously close to six o'clock and vague premonitions were seeping into his mind as to what would happen. If it hadn't been for those

two hard-headed old fools he would have won the battle far sooner than this and swung the opinions of the directors to his own advantage. He had won a close decision, a battle of wits in which nobody, as he thought, was his equal. "Leave it to John Henry," he chuckled. "He'll—"

On the final day of judgment, it is said, everyone will be judged according to his or her sin and there will be no defensive evidence. It is only fair to Mr. Smith to say that he did not expect it, did not even have time to set his mind working to avoid it. Automatically, his face registered horror; automatically, his foot jammed on the brake; and automatically, he twisted the wheel this way and that. But what power on earth can stop a hurtling juggernaut, much less than a brick wall; but then who would think of building a brick wall in the middle of the road especially on a greasy one.

Thus his car hurtled to a full stop, three hundred feet from where it had smashed into the gutter what once had been a human form. For a second it stood there, the door opened hesitantly, and then closed with a crash. With a spurt that would put a greyhound to shame, its gears screamed in the very fear of what it had done. Little red eyes of tail lights twinkled for an instant, then disappeared.

John Smith had disappeared. In his place was a man, mortally afraid, crazed at what had forced itself into his life. Recklessly, he forced his car to the utmost, making a hole through the night into which direction he did not know, much less cared. He did not question the fact that he had driven beyond the limit set by law, he did not even remember that he had been, was even now, driving over slippery streets. Round street corners on two wheels, careening, twisting, turning, avoiding accidents by the hair-breadth, he set a mad pace in

order to get away from the scene of that terrible mishap.

Slowly it dawned on his befogged brain that he must act quickly to construct an alibi in case he had been seen. Objects began to take their proper form to his eyes and little by little the pace slackened. An idea suddenly came to him and acting on it, he stopped before a corner drug store. For some seconds, because of physical exhaustion and to collect his scattered wits he sat slumped behind the wheel. Then slowly he dragged himself out of the car and into the store.

As soon as his dazed eyes became accustomed to the bright light, he sought the telephone booth. He blundered into it, somehow got the door closed and as he was nervously dialing a number, caught sight of the attending clerk's inquiring glance. In his imagination he almost dropped the receiver with fright, but was brought to his senses by a stinging "Hello."

"Is that you, Mary?"

"John, where in heaven's name—." She started on a prologue to a long nagging, but was cut short by the agonized voice of her husband.

"If anyone wants to know where I was at (he looked at his watch) at five to six, tell them I was talking to you. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't, and what's more—." Again he cut her short and after much pleading, accompanied with the promise to explain everything when he got home she grudgingly consented to wait. After all most likely it was the remembrance of that mink coat she had longed for. Husbands had to be treated kindly sometimes in order to wheedle money from them. John's thoughts were far from a mink coat.

Out of the booth he stumbled to the door. Just as his hand went to the latch his heart almost stopped at what he saw through the plate glass window. There in front of his car, examining it stood an officer of the law. John slipped behind the high show case, and hidden there attempted to see what the law was examining. Surely they could not have found him out this quickly. Perhaps it was a dented mud-guard or—

"Is there anything you want, sir?"

John teetered around and goggled at the white-capped clerk who had come up from behind to ask this bizarre question.

"What's the matter?—Are you sick?"

John gulped and swallowed a few times and then gasped out.

"No, er—Gimme a package of cigarettes."

"Yes, sir, what brand?"

"Brand? Oh, never mind. Just give me a chocolate sundae."

The clerk wrinkled his brow and then with a shrug set about mixing various ingredients for this curious customer. He watched him as he stood there stooped with back turned again peering ever so covertly into the street from behind the partition. On finishing he set the finished product on the marble slab.

"That will be twenty-five cents, please".

Peeling off a bill from his wallet John threw it on the counter. The clerk in turn planked the change down and went about his task of washing and drying glasses. Flopping into the little wicker chair he sat as if paralysed, dazed from this second unexpected blow.

Then, on seeing the clerk retire to the rear quarters after having finished his job, John got up and again peered around his hiding place. Instead of one, there were two representatives of the law, conversing at the very door of his car. Indeed his sin had found him out and he would pay the penalty. Visions of horror floated before his eyes and he imagined himself standing condemned before all. The unfortunate person whose life he had so carelessly flung into eternity did not concern him. Everybody must take their chance in this world and according to his ethics and morals John Henry would take his at someone else's expense. He had a good lawyer who could buy justice and he must see him as quickly as possible. Weakly he turned around, sat down, and on the clerk's return pretended to swallow the cold conglomeration.

From the time he had entered the store, a few minutes after six, he sat thirty minutes, shuddering, and wondering why they did not come in to arrest him. In vain the clerk tried to engage him in conversation, but, on receiving half-muttered and half-snarled replies, again retired to the rear to leave this crack-brained crank to himself. His opinion was confirmed when he came back later to find the sundae and change still on the counter and his late customer making himself conspicuous by his absence.

He did not know that drama had happened under his very nose and he had passed it by as just another queer quirk of human life. He did not know this was the great John Smith—master of men and a hunted man.

Impulsively John Smith had barged out of the brightly lighted store to find the street deserted,

Continued on Page 79



D I—*Fifth Row* I. Marshall, E. Blackmore, A. Pryke, B. Scott. *Fourth Row* S. Infurnari, L. Trevaskis, I. Brown, E. Morton, M. Mackie. *Third Row* T. Roughead, E. Turner, F. Cosby, M. Pickard, J. Sheldon, M. Forrest, H. Murphy, M. Marshall, W. Madden. *Second Row* W. Barnes, B. Gent, A. Swick, M. Moffatt, W. Jennings, N. Farith, C. Field. *First Row* M. Walker, A. Morris, Miss McCoig, B. Pitt, D. Bennett, B. Prudence, M. Barrach.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

World Events

Disaster

A Graphic Portrait of the Mississippi Flood Area

by

STELLA BAYNE

The people who have been in the lime-light of the flood of January and February of 1937 in the United States, are plain, ordinary people, most of them in the poorest straits. The times and circumstances in which they now find themselves are very trying to their physical makeup. Many of them have been killed. Many will die. Many will become insane. All because of the flood.

Few people in Canada have any idea of the psychology of the people along these great rivers in the Southern States. The poorer class must live in the cheapest quarters, and nowhere are they so cheap as down on the "flats" of any Southern town or city. These flats are subject to inundation at almost any season of the year, especially if there is an unwanted amount of rain. They are an improvident people, caring nothing for the needs of tomorrow. They are happy in the belief that each successive day will be as fair as the one they are living in. They work when the necessity demands. They require little, and when that gets low, they either get another job, or go out and investigate by moonlight how their neighbour's garden grows.

Anywhere on the Ohio River, all the way from Pittsburgh to Cairo, one can see what are termed house boats, moored where it is more convenient to tie them. In them are countless thousands of families who have thrown together, without skill or design, these make-shift homes. When they become too great a nuisance for any community to allow them to linger longer, they cut loose and float down the river, landing at any point that seems inviting.

Schooling for the children is a secondary consideration, if it is considered at all. True, the truant officers make periodical raids on such inhabitants who stay long enough in any one of these communities, and compel the children to be sent to school. They are unusually bright youngsters, too. Full of life and animation from their outdoor river life, they readily learn. But the habits of their parents and their Nomadic existence are deeply rooted in

their natures, and it is not surprising that all the schooling they get is used to further their own needs, and to sharpen their wits to evade the rigors of the law and order.

One would not understand how it could be that there are so many ignorant people so far as education is concerned, in the Southern States. One must really see this to accept it as a deplorable truth. It is true not only on the water-ways of the South, but also in the more thickly populated portions of the interior. The writer does not mean to insinuate that the bulk of the population is so willingly handicapped, some of the finest culture comes from the South, but the density of the ignorant makes the contrast all the more vivid. It is this class as a rule, that meets with the unusual hardships in times of stress, such as are now existing all along the entire course of the Southern rivers which are flooded.

Of course, this does not apply to all those who have suffered by this flood. In Louisville, for example, with three-fourths of the homes under the water, there were many worthy citizens who were forced to be refugees. It was a pitiful spectacle when three hundred—most of them unidentified—were buried there. The clergymen stood on a flat boat tied to the levees. The bodies were wrapped in coarse sacking, and weighted, and brought to him one at a time. He pronounced the same sentence over each. "You . . . (no name) . . . I commit you to your Eternal Resting Place . . . The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Rapidly these enshrouded, weighted bodies were tipped into the swirling waters of the river, and will never be seen again.

For two weeks the Ohio River was on its orgy, whipped to drunken ruthlessness by the many small streams that feed it. So far the estimated damage is as follows:

Four hundred dead.
Property damage of \$400,000,000.

Eight hundred thousand homes flooded.

Five hundred and thirty-six thousand and seven persons marooned (January 30, 1937.)

Louisville, which was hit the hardest, is now beginning to resume the appearance of the city it once was. Work is being carried on by the government workers, clearing the streets, clearing away the debris, and attempting to dry things. Wet houses take a long time to dry, especially if they are completely saturated. Much sickness is reported in Louisville and Cincinnati. Nearly 200,000 persons have been inoculated against typhoid fever in Louisville alone.

Memphis, in the path of the rolling flood, is a city of refugees. They have come from the Arkansas flood lowlands in thousands, from Tennessee river points, and from as far south as the Mississippi. More than 115,000 men are at work on the levees in the Memphis area, strengthening and rebuilding them.

It was estimated that it would require forty days to put Portsmouth, Ohio, back on a normal basis. The intense strain under which the people there

have worked and worried in the flood caused eleven cases of nervous collapse on Saturday, January 30, 1937. Multiply these sufferings in one city in one day by that of the entire flood area, and the number of days this disaster has been sapping the lives of the people, and one has a great toll. What a terrible thing a roaring, tearing flood can be!

The operators of radio stations in the stricken area did noble service, not thinking of themselves, but of the people who waited anxiously, with heart-broken tears coursing down grimed and beaded faces, for the "spark of life," fluttering dangerously on a thin electric wire. Save for the reading of Psalm 66 and the saying of a prayer for the staying of the rising flood, the flow of messages slipped along as swiftly and coherently as was humanly possible.

And still the waters rose.

Let us be thankful that now, at last, the flood waters are subsiding, and that the weary people are at last able to go back to their water-logged homes of desolation.

Spain

Starving Spanish peasants champion Democracy. World struggle between Fascism and Communism seen as imminent.

by
BEATRICE PITTS

The Spanish Revolution is, as yet, too new and too incoherent to admit sufficiently close scrutiny that one may state definitely the exact causes of it. It is the result, as far as I can see, of a series of causes covering a space of at least twenty years, or to put it briefly, a culmination of the events of two decades. Nevertheless, the immediate cause dates back to the last election when the Radical party attained power, through a union of Socialists, Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists. Although this coalition of the Left received a majority, their victory was not accepted by the defeated candidates, or by the leaders of the army who were powerfully supported by the encouragement of the church and landowners.

Now before going farther, I wish to make clear that the war is not one of Catholic against Communist, for it would be more correct to say it is one of Catholic peasant against the forces of suppression. The revolution is, more or less, the outcome of a desperate attempt by the down-trodden and, in many cases, starving peasants to gain what is rightly theirs. Now, I do not say that they have

taken the right course, but I do say that their action was justifiable. The Spanish peasant had been over-worked and poorly paid by the richer classes, and, though these two were of the same religion, attended the same churches, said the same prayers, and supported the same pastors, they kept their underlings beneath their heels to such an extent that the poor, half-starved peasants could suffer their lot no longer. They threw off their yokes and made one gigantic effort to obtain their rights.

Try to imagine how you would feel if you were being paid barely enough for your food and your clothes were little more than rags. Imagine how you would feel if, while you were working assiduously on a half-empty stomach, your employer were living at his ease, surrounded by every luxury, and reaping the reward of your labour. The picture certainly does not appeal to any of us, and still that is not all. Look at the other side of the picture. What would you do if, having lost your vote in an election, the party you were positive did not represent the will of the people, gained power? Would you too become a "rebel?"

These are the direct causes as presented by our press. Whether the facts are correct I cannot say, but I can state, and state definitely, that there has developed a struggle of the Spanish peasants to procure their rights, not only to material things, but their right to have their own religious views and to worship as they please.

From the beginning, we have been receiving very garbled accounts of the struggle. The rebels claim that the loyalists have committed such and such an atrocity and the next news flash says the loyalists have suffered something worse at the hands of the rebels. Actual occurrences may be exaggerated, but this much is certain—there has not been a clergyman in cassock or Roman collar seen in public since July 19, 1936. Catholic churches have been destroyed, and all things held dear to any Catholic have been desecrated and ridiculed until any fair-minded person shudders at the treacheries committed by both sides.

From a war started by those who opposed the doctrines of the Socialists and Communists in power

in the government, this struggle today has become a conflict between two great principles—Fascism, upheld by the leaders of Germany and Italy, and Communism as outlined by Russia. Although the countries of Europe declared last August that they would not intervene in the affairs of Spain, at the present time, thousands of well-trained German and Italian troops are fighting with the troops of General Francisco Franco, the leader of the Spanish rebels, or Nationalists, as they style themselves. Russia, if she has not sent troops to fight with the Loyalists, has been active in sending money and ammunition to help the Communist cause. Fighting has been going on for the past nine months and despatches are daily giving the world news of the needless slaughter of thousands of Spaniards.

The outcome is as yet not known, but let us hope that this struggle will not, as it is feared, eventually drag the whole world into a war that will necessitate the repetition of the horror and heart-break of 1914-18.

Hitler

LOIS McMULLEN

Fuehrer Hitler! What is the story behind the success of this man who has risen from humble beginnings to be leader of Germany? What of the future of this great leader?

Born in Branau, Upper Austria, Adolf Hitler was the son of a small-salaried customs official. The boy who was destined to become the leader of Germany became an orphan in his early childhood. When a lad of fifteen, Adolf went to Vienna to earn his living, serving an apprenticeship as a painter and at one time working as a street cleaner.

Shortly before the war, young Hitler moved to Munich in Southern Germany. He already had formed definite ideas about politics and had a firm belief in nationalism. However, the World War intervened and the next four years of his life were spent in the trenches. He was denied citizenship in his native land as a result of his enlistment in the German army.

After the war, Hitler's political career began in earnest and as a result of his leadership in the Fascist movement he was denied the rights of German citizenship. He was now a man without a country, but lack of citizenship was no drawback to the young Austrian.

The first important step in his political career was taken in 1919. It was at this time that Hitler joined a club known as the "German Working Party" which consisted of six other members besides himself. The first meeting was a complete failure, but when Hitler was later named director of propaganda of the "Party" his genius became quite evident. When the club membership had reached a few hundred, Adolf was allowed to test his oratorical powers. Although the executive committee doubted his ability, their doubts were dispelled by the instantaneous and overwhelming success of his speech. The listeners were so impressed that they contributed a few hundred marks, thus laying the foundation for the future success of the "German Working Party." In 1923 the following of the party had reached 80,000, including boys and girls who also found Hitler's oratory of great interest. Hitler's revolutionary attempts resulted in a prison term of five years on a charge of treason. The term was shortened to one year and when he was released, the economic distress in the country provided fertile soil for his radical ideas.

From this time on Hitler's power progressed rapidly. By 1932 he was the acknowledged leader of the largest group in the German Reichstag and in

January of 1933, he was appointed Chancellor of Germany by President Von Hindenburg. On the death of von Hindenburg in 1934 Hitler was made president and thus became the leader of Germany—"der Fuehrer."

Although many believe Hitler to have fully subdued all opposition in Germany, this is not the case. A group of people who have become tired of his leadership and policies have formed the "League of Decent Germans" and this group is much more powerful than casual observation would suggest. These people desire a fair form of government—by the people—and have a firm belief in Hitler's downfall.

However, Hitler is guarding against this very possibility by instilling in the minds of the children the idea that he is as kind and good as Jesus, even

going so far as to call his helpers, Goebells and Goering, the Disciples.

Hitler is endangering the future peace of the world by demanding that school children be taught to hate other nations and admire war. He has helped relieve the economic distress in Germany by employing hundreds of thousands in the making of armaments in order to uphold his doctrine that Germany must be regarded as one of the leading powers of Europe.

What will come of all this? The whole world is watching for the result.

"Living by violence, dictatorships are swept off their feet by violence." Will this statement, made by Emil Ludwig, prove true in the case of Hitler, the dictator of Germany? Only time will tell!

Westminster's Thirty-Ninth Coronation

ETHEL TURNER

The Coronation of King George VI will be the thirty-ninth since that of William the Conqueror who was the first king to be crowned in Westminster Abbey. A truly great and strong nation gradually has been built up during the intervening years. England has had many rulers, but none of them has been nearer to the people than our present king and queen who have been acclaimed so joyously and loyally.

The oldest coronation of which we have any record occurred in the seventh century. In those early days, Winchester was sometimes the place chosen for the coronation, but every coronation since the Norman Conquest has taken place at Winchester Abbey. The route along which the procession will proceed to the Abbey on May 12th will be the same as that taken in the past, although undoubtedly it will be longer than when George V was crowned. This will be necessary for the safety of the very large crowds that are expected to line the streets in the hope of catching a glimpse of the King and Queen as they pass on their way to the Abbey. It will be possible for these people, after witnessing the procession, to return to their homes and hear the coronation service which will be broadcasted.

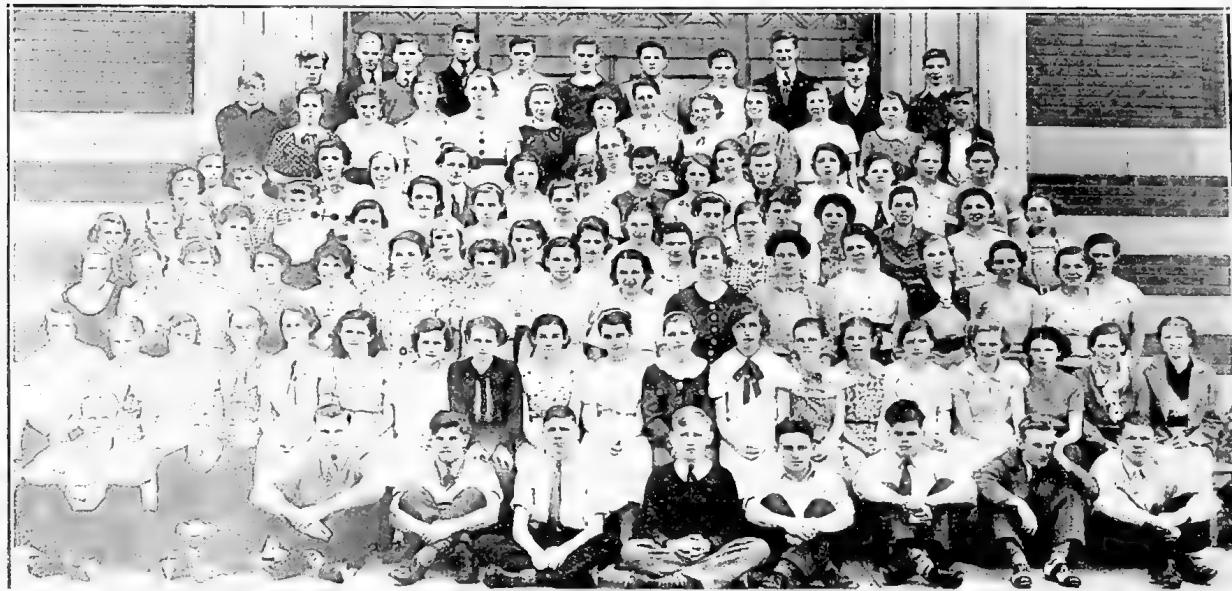
The service will begin with the preparation of the oil which is used for anointing the King. During the entrance of the King, the choir will sing the usual anthem sung at such ceremonies. When the King has mounted the platform to the throne, the people, led by the scholars of Westminster School, will acclaim their willingness to do homage and

service. After the sermon, the King will go to the altar and take an oath to observe the promises of office. Then, the King will sit in the ancient Coronation Chair, under which is the famous Stone of Scone, upon which every English Sovereign since Edward II has been crowned. When the King is seated in the Coronation Chair, he will be anointed with the oil. A ring will be put on the fourth finger of his right hand as a sign of his defence of the Faith. A sceptre will be placed in the King's right hand, and another in his left. The former is a sign of kingly power and justice, and the latter is the symbol of equity and mercy. The crown will then be placed on the King's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the same time, the peers will put on their coronets. The King will return to the throne and the peers will make their homage in order.

At the instant that the crown is placed on His Majesty's head, the guns all over the Empire will boom, and millions of his subjects the world over will sing "God Save the King."

And so, on May 12th there will take place that greatest of Britain's ceremonies—the Coronation. The people of the British Empire wish for their King and Queen a very prosperous and peaceful reign. They know that they will live up to their pledge "to strengthen that foundation of trust and affection on which the relations between the sovereign and the peoples of the British Empire so happily rest."

God Save the King! Long may he reign!



NEVER LATE—NEVER ABSENT CLUB, SENIOR GROUP



NEVER LATE—NEVER ABSENT CLUB, JUNIOR GROUP

The Forgotten Letter

An intriguing yarn with a surprising ending.

by

DORIS BENNETT

"What did you want to see me about?" The question was directed to J. A. Burnett, owner of a large furniture store.

"Sit down, Spike. I've got a little job in mind that may interest you. How would you like to make \$10,000?"

Spike whistled softly. "What have you got up your sleeve?" he asked.

Burnett did not answer directly. He offered Spike a cigarette and proceeded to light one for himself. Leaning back in his chair and settling his feet on the desk, he continued. "I need money, Spike, and need it badly. My business hasn't been going so well lately. In fact, another six months will see me bankrupt."

"Where do I come in?" interrupted Spike, impatiently.

"I'm coming to that. As I said, the place is going on the rocks. But—" here Burnett paused, puffed away at his cigarette and then said meaningly, "the place is insured for \$25,000."

Spike nodded. "You would like to be in a position to collect that \$25,000?"

"Exactly. Now here's my plan." At this point a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," called Burnett.

Spike was relieved to see it was only the mailman. He handed a letter to Burnett who stuffed it carelessly into his pocket. When the mailman had departed, Burnett told Spike of the preparation he had made. When he had finished, he was reminded of the matter of salary.

"I'll pay you \$500 now and the rest when the

job is finished. Are you sure you've got everything clear?"

"Leave it to me," grinned Spike.

That night about 12:30 Spike left his flat and made his way toward the Burnett building. Under cover of darkness, he entered the building and went at once to the basement. Here he found everything as Burnett had predicted. He lit a candle, and pictured in his mind what would happen when the candle burned low and ignited the dynamite he had carefully placed there. There would be a loud explosion and the place would burst into flames. The police would never find the true cause of it.

When Spike entered Burnett's room the next morning, he found him eagerly scanning a newspaper.

"Well, you sure made a good job of it," chuckled Burnett, tossing Spike the paper. "The building is burned to the ground."

Spike agreed and suggested that he be paid his other \$500. Burnett wrote out the cheque and handed it to Spike who left the room whistling.

Burnett smiled to himself. Everything was working out fine. All he had to do now was to collect the insurance money. Suddenly his fingers felt the letter in his pocket where he had put it the day before. He jerked it out and read:

"Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that the insurance policy covering your place of business has elapsed"

Burnett read no further.

Thrills, action, suspense, you'll get all of them in—

A Glorious Finish

by

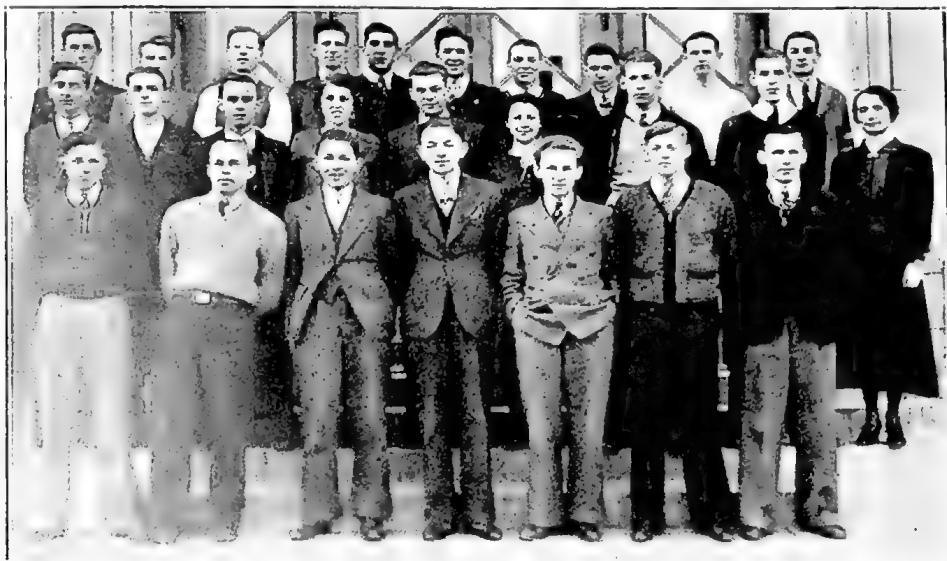
STANLEY CASTLE

The crimson tinges of sunrise were bathing the eastern sky as Dan Malcom strode on to the race track. His mechanic was warming the engine of his trim little racer. New confidence surged through him as he surveyed the race-track with his steely blue eyes, and gazed on the car which he hoped was to carry him to victory.

It was the morning of the great race and Don

was going to encircle the track to familiarize every twist and turn. He donned his crash helmet and goggles and eased his muscular frame into the small cockpit. He revved the engine and watched the revolution-counter creep up. The power in his car was going to surprise the other entrants. With a wave of his hand to his mechanic he leapt away

Continued on Page 66



S I—*Third Row:* J. Bond, E. Skelton, S. Poloski, W. Marshall, J. Carter, F. Nash, J. Hayman, J. Smith, O. Purvis, J. Galuska. *Second Row:* W. Hodgson, D. Martin, J. Simms, M. Laine, G. Mitchell, D. Smith, V. Lynam, W. Morrison, Miss Lorraway. *First Row:* B. VanSickle, J. Meiler, B. Slavin, P. Monte, L. Burke, E. Knight, W. Laing.



S II—*Third Row:* M. Halloran, M. Kirkendale, S. Ellenzweig, O. Woolley, Miss Smith. *Second Row:* E. Bryant, T. Eberman, Wood, F. Hodgson, C. Young, W. Steele, E. R. Corcoran, M. Townsend, A. Beasley, B. West, A. Townsend, M. Ferguson, J. Nicholson, R. Yaffe. *First Row:* O. Farmer, A. Skudwick, M. Olyncuk, J. MacPhail, A. Cheeseman, A. Davidson, P. Dowling, F. Worrall.

Poetry

To My Friend

Prize Poem

How can I show my love for you
Precious old pal of mine,
You cheer me with your constant smile
I never hear you whine.

When the sky is blue and sunny
We're often far apart,
But when it is dark and stormy
You clasp me to your heart.

You do not praise my worthless works,
And what you say is true;
You show me what I really am—
What more could a friend do?

You know I'm far from perfect
As I shall always be,
Yet you try to find the good side
That sometime shines through me.

Though many times I've hurt you
Silent the pain you bore,
And readily forgiving me
Said, "Speak of it no more."

And when at night I go to bed
I will kneel down and pray:
"Lord, make me worthy of my friend
And guide us on our way."

GLADYS VERTIY.

If

Prize Poem

If I could have my way, I'd like
To give each boy a silver bike;
I'd give each girl a golden throne
And a charming prince to call her own.
I'd give each cat as many mice
As a cat could eat; and a two lb.-slice
Of the choicest meat from the choicest hog
Would be served each day to every dog.
Mothers would have a girl or two
Who would do as they're told—which they never
do.

I'd answer every father's plea
And give him a perfect son like me.
There wouldn't be dishes to wash each day
Instead we would use them and throw 'em away.
Heathens would have, since heathens are few,
Plenty of preachers to put in their stew.
Fathers and mothers would give kids a break
And do all their homework without a mistake.

No one at all would ever pay rent,
And teachers who gave us a 100 per cent.
Would rate a swell halo and wear swell crown
And be guests of honour in every man's town.
Oh I'd do such a lot, in a very big way
If only for once I could have my own way.

STANLEY CASTLE.

Canada

Prize Poem

Down the pathways of the country,
Nestled low, twixt hill and sea,
Hugging all the sweet meanders
Of the streamlet, o'er the lea,

Through the scented twilight breezes,
Treading hollow, wood, or hill,
Pushing onward through the village
Past the little tumbling mill.

Round the placid pond I ramble,
Snowy lilies grace its shore,
Walking through the grassy meadow
Seeing beauty, wanting more.

Climbing over crumbling stiles
Into fields of golden grain,
Till before me I awaken—
To the fact, the day has waned.

In the western sky above me
Glories God alone could paint;
In the heavens all His colours,
That no human hand can taint.

Tardy swallow dips before me
Homeward to a waiting nest,
As the nightingale sings sweetly
Of the country God has blessed.

Blessed with all the luscious fruitlands
Honoured with His gifts of grain,
With the homestead or the cottage
At the end of every lane.

Never has mere man's creations
Founded beauty so complete
As our gifts of lakes and rivers
Woods and hills, where oceans meet.

So dear Lord, accept my prayer
As a token of esteem
I would offer to you humbly,
For what is, and what has been.

FRANCES WORRALL.

The Last Cheer

An action story that will make you "wanta be a football hero."

by

EVELYN BLACKMORE

"Well, Marsh, let's see you do something to-day instead of just fooling around with that pigskin," Pop, the coach of the Albany football team, said sarcastically.

Pop is forever butting in on everybody's personal affairs and giving his unwanted opinion of their playing. Coaches are paid to give instructions on football, not their opinions and instructions on personal affairs. Who is he, anyway? Does he think he is Mussolini, or somebody. What business is it of his, if I want to go out? None. I'll go out when I feel like it, even if I have to play a game on the next day. Thus ran "Red" Marsh's thoughts.

"S 40-60-21."

Ah, a tackle! Boy, did I feel that, and Johnnie only made two yards and he was down. Now, if Pop is taking him off. What luck!

"A 16-14-12."

That means I've got to do a tackle again. "Gimme that ball!" Ow—four on me that time. Feel like a ham sandwich now.

First down. Tony calling time out. Good job, my knee kinda hurts. Guess I'm O.K.; can still trot about. Listen to that crowd cheer; but wait till the end, and they'll have something to cheer for.

The whistle.

I've got that pass; just six yards to go to make a touchdown. Spots before my eyes. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out last night. Wish Pop would take me off. I shouldn't be on, when kids who never miss practice or disobey orders are sittin' on the bench.

They want a touchdown, do they? I'll show 'em. Hey—what's that?

What a pass! Now if I can hold it. Six yards.

"M 7-3-9-6."

Three yards. Am I over? Where's the line? Oh, here it is at last. Boy, what cheers.

Score—Smithton 0: Albany 7.

My back's sore from those slaps. Here's the next pass—here I go. Ow—did I see stars?

Jones of Smithton has the ball and only four yards to go. "Good boy, Tony. That's pullin' 'em down." Gosh, Tony's still down, something must be wrong.

"Hey, call the Doc."

"Say, Doc, what's wrong?"

"Get the stretcher," Doc hollered. "Call the hospital for an ambulance. Hurry!"

"O.K., Doc." Poor Tony. What a day! Tony hurt, Pop sore at everybody; Johnnie on the bench—What luck! Wonder what's wrong with Pop; he's hollering at everyone today. We're still winning; what more does he want? Oh, Oh, here comes Johnnie back on.

"G 16-24-31."

Johnnie has it.

Ah—the pass. Two yards made and we're down. Smithton's first down. Time out. That's good, time I rested this old leg of mine. Feels kinda queer.

There's the whistle.

Smithton's through, a placement kick and three points. The scoreboard changes: Smithton 3 : Albany 7.

This was Pop's fault, calling me into his office and bawling me out for going out last night. Guess he thought I wouldn't be able to play after it.

Whow! Jones of Smithton is through again, and he's over. There's the scoreboard changing again. Smithton 10, Albany 7.

I wonder who told Pop I was out last night. Bet it was Benton; just like him. Ref's blowing that whistle again. Have to get another touchdown or I'll be in the hospital keeping Tony company, with a broken neck, donated by Pop.

"S 12-17-32."

That means a try for a touchdown.

"O.K., let's go." Dodged him all right. Six yards, two yards, one yard, and nearly every man on me. Does my leg hurt. Better rest a mite. Two minutes to go and Smithton still winning.

The whistle again.

"F 9-14-26."

Another try at a touchdown. Here's the pass; hope I can make it. Guess I can't. Feel kinda funny inside. No, I can't go a step farther. Wish that crowd would stop cheering.

"Hey, where the heck am I?"

"Your O.K., Marsh," smiled Pop. You won the game with that last touchdown, even if you did land here in a cast. Sorry I was angry with you before the game, but it was the only way I knew to get you in a fighting mood until the finish."

"Red" Marsh just lay back, and fainted.



C I

Third Row—C. Foster, J. Taylor, G. Agnew, S. Bard, R. McKay, J. Morgan, E. Ryder, W. Hill, J. Thomson, D. Dolman, S. Rubenstein

Second Row—M. Warwick, E. Barnhart, B. Lavis, J. Miller, D. Burrell, S. Kaminski, M. Cunningham, Z. Kish, D. Fox, L. Lade, J. Brown.

Front Row—V. Hinnells, R. Feggans, W. Golba, C. Fryer, A. Couchan, Mr. Langford, N. Dawson, J. McLean, A. Normally, J. Pirie, R. Smith.



C II

Back Row—A. Southall, D. Hutton, N. Nicholls, P. O'Neill, R. Smith, S. Ostrowski, D. Longland, T. Pellitier, J. DeVries, J. Shiell.

Second Row—M. Evershed, K. McAulay, O. Levay, M. Kershaw, R. Waring, J. McEnnery, R. McCrimmon, O. Hemniker, A. Wagstaff, Miss E. Ferguson.

Front Row—N. Leaper, G. Nickling, M. Kelley, E. Marlow, E. Wiffin, M. Gear, C. Massey, B. Riddiough, V. Bayne.

That Pest, The Pessimist

A thunderous protest against a national evil

by

ANDREW MERRILEES

If anyone were to ask me, "What do you consider is one of the chief causes of unemployment?" I would invariably reply, without bringing into discussion the economic situation, which works in cycles and is apparently unavoidable—"Pessimism."

To the pessimist, that everlasting dog, who rises from the dust where he has fallen on the road of ambition, to cling to and slow the pace of the aspiring traveller, we may attribute many of our suicides, many of our unemployed, and many of our unemployable.

With jealousy as his motive, having in most cases fallen short of his own aspirations, he goes fiendishly about, preying on the happily successful, belittling that which has been accomplished, placing unseen obstacles in their path, and never failing to tell his subject that he can never hope to realize his ambitions.

To some, no more boring and unconvincing talk than that given by these incurable grumblers, is imaginable, and it is taken with a 'pinch of salt' and put quickly out of mind. But it is not these who are the pessimists' choice customers, they are the unemployed workers, the relief recipients, and the disillusioned job-hunting youths, who, suffering the pangs of humiliation and oppression, resort to self-degradation—easy bait for the pessimist.

Almost without exception, pessimists do not know that they are important cogs in the machine that is breaking down the public's resistance and fortitude, but accept their doctrine as their philosophy of life, teaching it as though it were a creed, and they, its exponents.

Pessimists, for the past part, are made up of persons of poor estate. Those in the following trades will not take offense when I say that steel workers, garage mechanics, farmers, sanitation workers, and corner store proprietors are a few flagrant examples. In every case people were either victims of other pessimists, or had brought their present status upon themselves.

Few seem to realize that the mental outlook of the nation is as vitally important as that of the individual, if not more so. There are many factors which determine this outlook, among which pessimism is not among the least. Wars and depressions are caused in a measure by pessimism. Stock

markets are ruled by pessimism and its opposite, optimism. Fortunes are gained and lost, criminals are made and hanged because of pessimism.

How to curb pessimism? It must be done by ourselves, for it is no doubt that we are each a pessimist in our class. While the government agents and public lecturers play psychiatrist in an effort to undo the work of the professionals, we must be at work, curbing it within ourselves. Try to picture yourself as part of a great nation, and a part of the public mind, and when your husband comes home and says that he has been laid off, keep it dark, but when sonny boy gets a job, bally-hoo it to the skies! In this way the family will have a happy mental outlook. When the tides of adversity are against you, laugh it off! The reason why pessimists or near pessimists have no jobs or mediocre ones is because employers, who have battled their way to the top, realize the degrading influence of a pessimist in their organization, and grasp every opportunity to supplant him with more aggressive and competent help. It remains with the individual and with the family to lift the country out of the depression, not by merely muttering pleasing platitudes to the broken, but by a conscious mental co-operative effort, which, in my opinion, will do the trick.

The economic depression is, in a sense, subsidiary to mental depression, which, when eradicated, will result in nation-wide optimism; the first step towards prosperity.

SPRING HATS

It won't be long till all is gay,
And women start to smile,
The shops will be so full all day,
When spring hats come in style.

Madame will dress her shapely head,
With feathers by the mile,
And go to church with stately tread,
If her new spring hat's in style.

Your suit will be just fine my dear
Who cares for the textile
But you will have just cause for fear
If your spring hat's not in style.

MARY McCLEUNG.

Wits And Halfwits

*Service station attendant "haunts" house to prevent premature purchase.
Dark plotting in rural idyll*

by

BEATRICE PRUDENCE

The village of Palermo was covered with the first soft snow of winter, and the curfew bell had rung for not a soul was in sight as I drove my car into a gasoline station.

"Fill the tank, please," I replied to the attendant, "How many sir?"

When he had finished, I paid him and asked the way to the farmhouse I had bought. As I mentioned Greystoke Manor, the gasoline attendant's face grew white and he stammered, "You—you are going there?"

"Yes, of course. I bought the place a few days ago. Is there something wrong with it?"

"Oh, no! No—of course not. If you drive down the highway for about two miles, you will find the house a few hundred yards back from the roadside."

After giving me this information he vanished. "What a peculiar fellow," I mused. "I hope that farmhouse is all right."

I arrived at the farmhouse a little later, parked my car in the garage, and entered the house. I lit a match to find where the lamp was, and found it upon a dust-covered table. With the lamp lit, I looked around. A spacious room, furniture covered with shrouds and shrouds covered with dust, met my eyes. I entered the kitchen and something soft fell against my face. I froze to the spot. I put up my hand and grabbed it—a handful of spider's web. I breathed deeply.

"I wish that gasoline attendant were here. There's something wrong with this house," I told myself in a whisper.

I tidied up the place as best I could, lit a fire and began to read the evening paper I had bought.

Knock, knock. I jumped sky high. "I wonder who that can be so late?" I asked myself. "There it is again."

I walked very slowly to the door, grabbed the handle, and jerked it open. There on the threshold stood a young man.

"Will you give me some water for my car, please," he asked, "and let me warm myself before going on to the village?"

I didn't know what to do. For all I knew he might be a bandit or even a ghost. No telling what would happen in this house. He looked like a

clean-cut young man and I hadn't the heart to send him away.

"Come in, come in, and make yourself to home."

He did as he was bade, and at once walked over to the fire to warm himself. As I advanced to meet him he held out his hand.

"My name is John Blakely."

"George Harris is mine," I replied and shook hands.

"How long have you been staying here?" asked my visitor.

"I just came in to-night."

"You must have good nerves to be able to live in this house for any length of time."

There it was again the feeling that there was something wrong with the house, but I remained silent.

"Didn't you know this house is supposed to be haunted?"

"Haunted," I replied or rather yelled. "There are no such things. Ghosts—who believes in ghosts any more?"

"You will if you stay here very long. Why everybody who ever bought this house, or even stayed in over night, never stayed another night, or ever told what they saw or heard. But come, I'm a wet blanket. I'll have you wishing you had never bought this place."

"You have done that already. First the gas attendant, and now you. But why is it haunted?"

"I have never found that out for sure," he said. "Some villagers say that the first owner of this farmhouse loved it so well he vowed that he would haunt all who ever stayed in it or bought it. He wanted to keep it empty. Why, nobody knows, but most likely it is a myth. Now that I am warmed, and if you will give me some water for my car so I can reach the village, I'll be moving on."

I gave him the water, and after thanking me, he went away. After he had gone the house seemed so ghostly. It was then I remembered what he had said. This house was haunted and I was going to stay in it all night! You might think I was a coward, but have you ever been in a haunted house alone?

Continued on Page 78

From Hamilton to Budapest

by

GRACE YOUNGER

Budapest, the capital of Hungary is beautifully situated on the Danube river, which is very blue indeed on a clear day. Let us, through our imagination, take a trip to this city of beauty.

At the C. N. R. station we board a train going to Quebec. As we speed along we watch the enchantingly lovely scenery of Canada whizz by, and think of the explorers who first trod in the wooded land through which we are now passing. Soon Quebec is reached, with its narrow streets overlooking the historic St. Lawrence River. Here we go aboard a ship and prepare for a week on the great Atlantic.

For a day or two we see nothing but the blue sea below us, the blue sky above us, and sea gulls following us. On the third day the gulls are gone, leaving only the sea and the sky to look at.

When our boat docks at Havre in France, we are sorry the voyage is over, but are glad to be in France. On a train we pass the picturesque shores of the Seine river as far as Paris. Here we transfer to another train. During our short stop, we can have a hasty glance about the much spoken-of city. The uptown sections, and the sections where the homes of the wealthy are, are beautiful indeed, but the poorer parts of the city are like those of every place in the world.

From Paris, we travel into Austria, as far as Vienna, the city of beautiful music, the home of the waltz, the haven of Strauss. We hear only German spoken and although we do not understand it, it is very pleasing to our ears. . .

Our stop here is brief, but as the weather is fine we lunch at a cafe where there are tables out of doors. This is the last stop before Budapest. We must hurry or we shall miss the train.

On the train, we have become acquainted with some of the passengers, and one gentleman tells us his health is poor, so he is going to Carlsbad to drink the medicine which Nature has put into the water, which flows out of small streams and falls, so pure that it does not have to be filtered. We are invited to visit him at the sanitarium when we have the opportunity.

The train has stopped; we are at our destination. Porters take our bags, and by means of a taxi people dressed in the most fashionable clothes, police buildings of stone, the wide, busy street around us, we go to a hotel. As we ride, we see the tall

directing the traffic, parks to beautify the city. At our hotel, we register and go to our rooms.

Our rooms are well kept, the furniture is heavy, with the shine of age on it, and best of all, there is a French window with a balcony. Being tired, we lie down for a time to rest.

Before we realize it, it is evening and from the window the city is a place of wonder. The great Danube is lit up with lights reflected in it, gay people hurry by bright buildings, music floats to us from somewhere.

We dress and go out to see the city. Budapest is divided into two parts by the Danube river; Pest, where we are staying, and Buda. We go to the great bridge over the Danube to look at the river. In its clear surface is mirrored the city, the reflection of the lights dancing rapidly over the reflected buildings. From here we wander to an outdoor cafe, passing in our course many theatres, and other places of amusement.

At the cafe, we sit down by a table and a waiter brings us coffee and rolls. As we enjoy our coffee, we watch the people dancing to the melodious strain of Strauss Waltzes. Time flies quickly at this gay place, and we must go to our hotel.

In our room, we turn on the radio to listen to the charming music of Liszt before we retire. We plan to visit the parliament buildings, the art galleries, zoos, museums, parks, the royal palace and all we have time for, the next day.

We are sure that we shall thoroughly enjoy our vacation here, and wish we had a few of our friends here to enjoy it with us.

THE EPIDEMIC

Flu, Flu, Flu,
What's the matter with you?
Can't you leave us folks alone?
We have never done you wrong,
Oh you surely make me boil!
You know I hate castor oil!
Can't you find another game?
Instead of causing us such pain?
Here I lie on my back—
How your face I'd like to smack!
Get away, you awful rotter,
Or I shall fetch the family doctor.

UNKNOWN.



C III

Back Row—L. Bush, T. Crooks, J. Reise, E. May, E. Quinn, C. Cameron, G. Lobban, A. Stein, M. Panton, M. Petrie, P. Truesdale, N. Rowan, S. Washer.

Second Row—A. Campbell, I. Hill, E. Speers, M. Mogridge, A. Phillips, D. Moore, M. Shrive, R. Malcolm, A. Jermy.

Front Row—Mr. Stewart, E. White, H. Grasley, R. Moffatt, G. Field, J. Field, A. Lang, B. Exley, P. Cunningham, D. Malloy, I. Godwin, E. Rylands.



C IV

Third Row—E. Hayward, L. Shaw, R. Sabire, A. Pearson, M. Hardcastle, F. Gee, R. Hodson, B. Hayes, M. Turnbull, F. Murray, B. Kelly, H. Zolyomy.

Second Row—I. Cregg, D. Cadman, M. Clark, R. Houser, G. Reed, A. Jacobs, B. Barth, P. Powell, M. Perry, D. Lowe, M. Matthews, J. Johnson, A. Blackburn, Mr. Purdy.

First Row—C. Cumberland, L. Green, I. Brown, J. Bingham, M. Llewellyn, M. Jacques, A. Clark, I. Dyett, H. Cunningham, B. Walker, B. Palmer, B. Carte.

Ambitions

A Short Story of Inspiration

By

MARNIE GALLOWAY

Ambitions! What are they? They are the things we want to do; what we desire to become. They are the aims of life. Without ambitions, we would never succeed.

Have you some ambition? You should have. Some goal to reach? Something to achieve? Something to live for? Do not be like the child who says one day, "I am going to be a sailor," and the next day at the soldier's parade he will say, "I wish to be a soldier."

You are old enough to know what you want to become. Old enough to have some definite plan for the future. Do not be content to idle along in the same slipshod way, just drifting—with nothing set as your goal.

Do not be content to say, "If I get through this year, I'll be content." Rather, say, "If I work toward some goal and never lose sight of that idea of perfection, I shall consider that I have done what I set out to do; then—and only then—shall I be satisfied with myself."

You know what you want to be. You have some ideal in life, hidden though it may be. Live up to it! Work and strive for it! Bring it to the top, and do all in your power to cultivate it!

Then you will be able to say at the close of this life, "I am willing to leave this world secure in the feeling that I was not a failure!"

School Activities

Last year First Aid Classes were held under the direction and teaching of Major Young. There were many girls in the school who wished to take this course, but the number was so large that the class was restricted to the Fourth and Special Forms.

Many of the senior students took advantage of this opportunity and attended the interesting and helpful classes. All the girls who tried the examination were successful in receiving their diplomas. The following attended the classes: Audrey Bainbridge, Rose Bloom, Rose Cakebread, Lettie Cattuck, Patricia Couse, Wilhelmina Deschamps, Aileen Elliot, Margaret Ferguson, Marjorie Fer-

guson, Dorothy Fox, Lillian Garry, Jessie Gow, Lillian Heywood, Mary Hickey, Beatrice Irish, Dorothy Kannowin, Margaret Kipling, Vera Lindsay, Frances MacBeth, Margaret Mattice, Helen Moore, Verna Pickard, Yvonne Shurety, Betty Simpson, Grace Standring, May Weir, Doris Burrell, and Mildred Pickard.

Girls used to talk about pin money, but now they want shin money, for silk stockings, skin money for cosmetics, spin money for gas, and tin money for the family's meals.



by
MARJORIE MARSHALL

Another year has flown quickly by—another group of graduates and prize-winners have received their rewards.

Four years ago, we entered the High School of Commerce for the first time, full of high hopes and ambitions. Now, those hopes are even higher and ambition soaring to new heights. To be some one in a big way and not let the old school down is every graduate's dearest wish.

This year more graduates than ever before have been placed in excellent positions and there is every reason to believe that every last one will have positions very soon. This is a sure sign that there is a great future ahead for those graduating in the years to come. But, 136 graduates, we must pave the way for those who follow in our footsteps. If we make good, they are sure to make good! Past graduates have gained the public confidence for our school. It is up to us to preserve that confidence and even to gain new glories for "good old Commerce."

It was with a great deal of satisfaction, that we witnessed, at last, the commencement exercises being held in our own school; and even though they were held in the gymnasium, it was a precedent which, it is hoped, will bring about the realization of every Commercialite's dream—an auditorium.

Another triumph achieved this year was the forming of the Alumni Association, with Jim Carter

ALUMNI

as the first president. This association will provide a means by which former graduates may renew acquaintances with teachers and friends at the affairs to be held during the year.

A beautiful grad pin has been made and can now be purchased at the school. This pin is to be sold exclusively to graduates of the High School of Commerce. It would be wonderful if every grad could secure one of these valuable souvenirs to remind them of "those good old school days."

In the following list of names and occupations, it was possible to know only where graduates were working at the time of registration. They may now be working at different positions or attending some other school and have perhaps neglected to notify the school:

Fourth Year Diplomas in the Stenography Option

Alice Baxter, T. Eaton Co.; Joan Beatt, Grafton office; Ruth Bechill, Westinghouse factory; Barbara Breckenridge, Royal Bank; Lettie Cattruck, at home; Gladys Dibben, secretary to President of The Right House; Jean Dryland, at school; Ruth England, Steel Co.; Marjorie Ferguson, Firth office; Dorothy Fox, in a lawyer's office; Lillian Heywood, Walsh & Evans, office; Marjorie Hodgson, at home; Vera Lindsay, United Carr Fastener factory; Betty McIsaac, Westinghouse factory; Helen Moore, Appleford Paper office; Margaret Richardson, temporary position Climax Baler; Florence Roadhouse, Business College; Yvonne Shurley, Samaritan Club office; Betty Simpson, at school; Mae Weir, Duff office; Jean Wright, Norton Co.

Bookkeeping Option

Jim Blair, Frid's Brickyard; Jack Disher, in his father's office; Lloyd Fletcher, Steel Company office; Gordon Gilbart, working with his father; Michael Kapitan, E. D. Smith's, Winona; Walter Kwiatkowski, at home; James Moore, Central Collegiate; Alice Reid, Westinghouse factory;

Robert Shaw, temporary position in International Harvester; Bronte Startek, Westdale Commerce; Vernon Williams, Canada Wire and Iron Goods Co., office.

Stenography Option

Margaret Blain, International Harvester office; Helen Blatz, Otis Fensom office; Rose Bloom, unknown; Kathleen Carrigan, Radio Department Westinghouse; Patricia Couse, at home; Charlotte Crozier, Westinghouse office; Dorothy Dawson, at home; Alice Day, bookkeeper, Barnett Shoe Stores; Theresa Dupuis, at home; Joyce Edwards, Meakins Brush factory; Agnes Elliott, temporary position, Delta Theatre office; Aileen Elliott, Coca Cola office; Margaret Ferguson, at home; Claire Fischer, Otis Fensom office; Lillian Garry, Central Collegiate; Jean Graham, Business College; Elizabeth Halley, Otis Fensom office; Mary Hickey, Business College, part time; Isabel Hicks, Otis Fensom office; Dorothy Kannawin, at home; Madeline Lomas, Westinghouse factory; Mary MacNeil, at school; Margaret Mattice, International Harvester office; Eileen Maxted, Canada Business College; Edmund O'Connor, Grant Cartage office; Verna Pickard, Duro Aluminum office; Beatrice Pitt, at school; Grace Standring, cash office, Eatons; Frances Truman, Westinghouse office; Alma Walker, in law office, Toronto; Nettie Weintrop, at home.

Bookkeeping Option

John Barker, Loblaw's; Morris Best, unknown; Jack Fenton, at home; Clement Jones, unknown; Frank Lynch, alias "Uncle Bud," CHML Studio, announcing; Albert Wadgett, unknown; David Manson, Cloverland Cheese Co., office, bookkeeping; William Newport, unknown; Joseph Pajackowski, college; Walter Rawbone, American Can office; Alan Smith, Zimmerknit office; Thomas Sturrock, Dominion Foundries & Steel Laboratory; John R. Wilson, Mutual Life office, Waterloo.

Third Year Stenography Option

This list contains only the names of the students who have not returned to school, and who are either staying at home or working.

Florence Barron, Westinghouse office; Margaret Brydges, Norton Can office; Lily Butters, Glendale Spinning Mill; Harvey Connor, Westinghouse office; Phyllis Cooper, Credit Bureau office; Grace Craven, Canada Cotton Mills; Audrey Crossin, at home; Mervain Dawson, International Harvester office; Lois Donnelly, Kirkland Lake;

Edgar Hall, Westinghouse; Jack Jones, A. B. Lambe, office; Thomas Mackie, Craft Display Advertising Co.; Cecil Oliver, Quality Grocereria office; Norma Soden, American Can office; Stella Giddings office; Marv Keyte, Norton Co., Elizabeth McMillan, Steel Co. factory; Alma Pryke, office Capo Polishes; Frank Enfield, Wood, Alexander & James; Lois Whittendale, Firestone; Doris Wigderson, office, Allen Candy Co.; Winnifred Playford, Eatons; Jack McGuire, Business College; Raymond Edward, Duff's; Anna Gross, at home; Mamie Brown, in St. Catharines; Nick Cinor, unknown; Jack Field, McLelland's Men's Shop; Ernest Straight, packer at Capo Polishes; Helen Krakus, at home; W. Marshall, Remington Rand office.

The following students have left our school and are engaged in office or otherwise:

Ethel McCreadie, office, Remington Rand; Bernice Moore, office, Westinghouse; Vera Alger, Westinghouse office; Hazel Ashby, Moodie's; Edith Palmer, Carroll's; Mildred Bonnallie, Rosary Florist; Bette Theaker, office, Carter's Service Station, Beryl Kipling, Royal Bank; Irene Macaulay, Business College; Doris Webb, office, Remington Rand; Robert Cherrington, in a garage; Viola Riddell, Margaret Hallett, Jean Jamieson, Isabel Borthwick and Alma Keyworth, at home; Frank Nethersell, office Westinghouse; Lorne Cartwright, unknown; Margaret Train, in a doctor's office; Dorothy Slater, Glendale Spinning Mills; Bert Stipe, Dominion Stores; Marvis Rolfe, Westdale Commerce; John Spratt, office Craft Containers; Dorothy Cohen, Schure's Dress Shop; Betty Briggs, office Remington Rand; Margaret Brooks, Mammy Bread Co.; Alma Donovan, Westinghouse; Violet Franceschiello, Steel Company; Mona Reid, Margaret Carrell, Freda Burton, Harvey Connor, Beryl Harrison, office, Westinghouse; James Dixon, office, Dominion Foundries; Ted Kattruck, bookkeeper, Zolyomy garage; Harvey Kelly, office, Norman Slater Co.; Alice Kubicki; Firth Bros.; Norman MacLeod, office Westinghouse; Bruce Porteous, office, Buntin Gillies; Rose Zolyomy, office, Hamilton Cottons; Albert Whittle, packer at Capo Polishes.

The following students are working, but we are not sure at what place.

Jean Warnock, Jean Jacobs, Helen Bahm, Grace Michael, and Catherine Taylor.

Poetry

Tiptoe

If I stand tiptoe, I see
 All the clouds smile down on me.
 Strong young hill winds brush my face
 With such a gay and laughing grace
 Weaving for me dreams anew
 Green and silver, gold and blue.
 On my cheeks the cool soft rain
 Soothes my spirit's hurt and pain.

If I stand tiptoe, the trees
 Call to me with every breeze
 "Grow as tall and straight and fine
 As the slender mountain pine."
 When I stand tiptoe, I hold
 Fellowship with earth and sky,
 And all the silver stars of night
 Twinkle close for my delight.

MARGUERITO HURRY.

Sunrise

I saw the morn in a silvery light,
 Passing away from the silent night;
 Lifting a veil to behold a face
 Full of beauty and tender grace.

Glamorous colour and magic light—
 A truly long remembered sight—
 Touched by a magic painter's brush
 Which brings o'er my soul a silent hush.

Flowers uplift their tiny heads,
 Birds arouse from their drowsy beds,
 Laughing nymphs leave the sheltering trees,
 Floating happily on the new born breeze.

The brilliant sun now is high,
 Casting his splendour o'er the sky,
 Deepening richly that heavenly blue,
 Sprinkling his light all over you.

So up from your bed you must arise,
 And greet the already radiant skies!
 Lift your hands to the coming sun
 Salute the day gaily—everyone.

KATHLYN DESCAMPS.

Homework

I am no good at stories
 And as for verse, I'm dumb,
 But I must get down to business
 To get my homework done.

I did ask Mom to help me
 For I need assistance bad,
 But Mom just said, "I don't know,
 You'd better ask your Dad."

There was nothing else for me to do
 So I turned around to ask,
 "Will you help me with a story, Dad?
 It seems a boring task."

He said, "Just get a piece of paper
 And get your pencil too,
 If you make your hand keep writing,
 You'll be surprised what you can do."

At first I thought it useless,
 I chewed my pen to pulp,
 But then I took my Dad's advice
 And this is the result.

A. TEDFORD.

Life's Reward

Oft' at eve by my fire I sit,
 In an easy chair with my old pipe lit;
 And my mind goes back to the days gone by,
 When I was a little chap, four feet high.

Oh, those were the happiest days in my life,
 Wherein there dwelt neither sorrow nor strife,
 No work, no worries, just to play all day
 Was the happy lot, that fell my way.

But, came the day when I had to seek
 My fortune amid both strong and weak,
 Many the hardships and griefs did I see
 While sailing my boat in life's troubled sea.

Oh, yes, one travels through life in his boat,
 Striving so hard to keep it afloat.
 The skipper who keeps an even keel
 And stands, through all storms, firm at his wheel,
 Will be guided by God to the Golden Sea
 And there in Heaven a dweller will be.

GLADYS COOK.

Rails

Twenty million workingmen,
With pick and axe and spade,
Toiled and sweat knee deep in dust
With vim and vigour, strength and lust,
Till at the cry of dying day,
The hardy crew left work for play.

With courage, stalwart courage,
Through miles of bog and moor,
The narrow band of silt and sand
Yet broadened out on every hand;
And forests, felled beneath the blows,
Were piled in high rough-timbered rows.

And many a river changed its course,
And many a torrent's tongue was stayed,
And mile by mile the cleft was made
Through mountain tunnels black as spades.
Where wind was cold and dread to hear,
The gangs pushed on from year to year.

Till ocean joined the ocean
Neither limbs nor tools were stayed,
Till beam by beam and rail by rail
A mighty road for human trail
Was laid by grim determined strength
Across this land in breadth and length.

Twenty million engines
With coal and steam and speed
Roar and thunder; come and go
With mighty snort and puff and blow,
With swelling prides that tell us of
Tales of romance, life and love.

Thus our rails from East to West
Were laid across our continent,
Where death, adventure, hate have stalked,
Where men to men in war have locked.
But still the iron road crept on
Until the worthy work was done.

FRANCES WORRALL.

Evening

Through the purple twilight
Down the pathway steep,
The shepherds come at evening,
Bringing home the sheep.

I see the farmer bringing
Home the load of hay;
The birds are singing vespers
At the close of day.

The dandelions in the field
Like little moons they shine,
And faintly to my ear there comes
The village church bell's chime.

The stars come out and glimmer
In the dusky sky,
And in the lucent solitudes
I hear the night birds cry.

Through the gathering mist I see,
As up the road I roam,
A lighted window in a house
Reminding me of home.

Long ago I left it
To join Adventure's Quest,
But ever I'll remember it
As a haven meant for rest.

OLIVE DARLING.

The Canadian Rockies

You may like the cathedrals of England,
Or Egyptian mummies, too,
But give me the Canadian Rockies
And their calm dull lakes of blue.

For a few months in the summer,
When hunting is in the air,
I like to see the geese fly by
Or shoot a grizzly bear.

When the leaves in autumn are turning
To their colours of every hue,
I can hear the geese go honking
To find a home anew.

I can see the snow-covered Rockies
Over the distant plain.
And long to be with my rod and gun
Roaming the Rockies again.

You may have the cathedrals of England
Egyptian mummies rare,
But give me the Canadian Rockies,
For with them none can compare.

WILLIAM TILBURY.



On October 23, to the enchanting strains of Len Allen's music, our social season opened with the proverbial "bang". The joyous anticipation with which everyone awaited our first tea dance was evidence enough of the whole-hearted support of the student body. As most good things must come to an end so did the dance—it was with a little tinge of disappointment that we submitted to the plaintive rhythm of the home waltz.

By way of a little variety the social activity for December was confined to a roller skating party at the Alexandra Academy. The grotesque figures created by some of our less experienced skaters were certainly a picture to behold. The writer is told that Michael Angelo had difficulty in securing the proper models for his great works—we regret that roller skating was not the fashion of his day.

February 19 was another banner day for the "Astaires" and "Rogers" of our social register. With the congenial atmosphere created by our first dance, the second effort was an outstanding success. Morgan Thomas supplied a sizeable portion of that friendly atmosphere with the swing melodies of his hand and free Coca Cola helped to give the boys that carefree attitude which is so conducive to friendliness.

Last June an Alumni Association was planned and inaugurated by a banquet and dance at the Holborn Restaurant. The rooms were fittingly decorated with spring flowers. Officers were

elected for the coming year and plans were made for an At-Home in the fall.

The first annual Alumni At-Home was held on November 27 in the school gymnasium, with Norman Harris' orchestra providing the music. The hall was gaily decorated with crests and banners of blue and white. There was an almost complete turnout and everyone, teachers and students alike, enjoyed renewing acquaintances and discussing their new diversions.

Several classes have held their own class parties, often in the form of a theatre party, and from what we hear from those attending, "a good time was enjoyed by all."

Snow Song

Softly, softly, slow and white
 The snow is falling through the night,
 Over thicket, road and stream,
 Clothing the world with a silvery gleam,
 Turning a pine to a silver ghost,
 And a farm light to a star—almost.
 Mile after mile in a windless peace
 We walk in snow as white as fleece;
 Silence above and silence below
 We walk the path in a spell of snow.

BETTY SUTTIE.

Debating and Oratory

BERNICE CARTE

Interscholastic Debating

The High School of Commerce has broken the long series of successes achieved by Cathedral High School. To our winners, Roy La Ferte, a former champion, and Frank Lynch, on his first debate, is due the credit for this splendid work. Their opponents, John Nelligan and Jack Farrell, upheld the negative side of the topic, "Resolved that in the next European War, America, i.e., Canada and United States, will not necessarily have to take part," and we must admit John Nelligan was a formidable opponent.

We are justly proud of our team and heartily congratulate them on their signal success. Now that they have won the first victory in six years over Cathedral, we hope that other students will follow the example set.

Interclass Competitions

The debating and oratorical competitions form part of the curriculum of the school year and tend to give variety to the regular lessons.

This year the first formers all set out to be winners. A4 proved to be most competent, however, and with a combination of fluent speech and well-selected topics, the three representatives

brought the laurels to that form. The speakers of the winning class were: Mildred Barrett, whose topic was "Marie Curie"; Gladys Bonnallie, who chose to speak on "Rings"; and Agnes Ball, speaking on "Movie Acrobats."

While the first forms were having their oratorical contests, the second and third forms were working hard on their debates. The ability of the scholars to select the best material was once again displayed in the topics chosen.

The winner of the second form, after much keen competition, was B5. The representatives of that form were Irma Weichelt and Yvonne de Pelham, whose topic was "Resolved that the radio is a more effective means of advertising than the newspaper." The winners upheld the negative side of the debate.

The successful pair in the third forms was from Class C1, their representatives being Reg. Clarke and Jack Morgan, who spoke on the topic, "Resolved that department stores are an advantage rather than a disadvantage to the province at large."

To these winning students we offer congratulations, and to the losers the same for their fine sportsmanship displayed throughout the competitions.



ORATORICAL CONTESTS—PRIZE WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP

Back Row—Georgina Sukovity, Lorraine Upper and Evelyn Waterfield.
Front Row—Irma Weichelt, Gladys Bonnallie, Agnes Ball, Mildred Barrett and Yvonne de Pelham.

Music and Drama

by
BERNICE CARTE

On Friday, May 7, 1937, the dramatic society with the assistance of the Glee Club, will present an evening's entertainment consisting of two one-act plays and several dances and choruses.

Under the capable instruction of Miss Wood,

the director, and with the co-operation of Miss Olive Fay, the pianist, and the students, the Glee Club has been very successful this year. So much so, that they are now making plans for a radio broadcast to be held sometime in April.

Glee Club

F. Morrall
E. Sparling
J. Hamer
P. White
C. Rowley
T. Fawcett
L. Medwetch
J. Dawson
M. Schneider
G. Liddycat
M. Livingstone
R. Keyto
A. Craddock
B. West
M. Mackenzie
I. Weichelt
B. Barth

E. Parsons
R. Francis
M. Johnson
B. Urlin
D. Daisley
M. Rainvasser
D. Lawrence
T. Joyce
A. Skudwick
B. Weston
V. Hall
B. Carter
M. Ledger
M. Hubert
J. Buist
M. Moore

V. Orosy
B. MacDougall
J. Boyko
L. Perrault
R. Yaffe
R. Gray
E. Johnstone
A. Blackburn
G. Field
L. Jinks
M. Burton
H. Rymal
J. Reid
R. Ketter
B. Jevons
J. Peirce
M. Morrison



GLEE CLUB

Commencement

by

MARGARET MATTHEWS

It gave one more of a feeling of pleasure than ever to attend the Commencement Exercises on November 6, because for the first time since our school was built, Commencement was held in our own building. The girls' gymnasium was crowded with the parents and friends of the 166 graduates. Flowers and ferns decorated the platform at one end of the room and it was here that the various guests and teachers took their places. After the graduates had marched in to the music played by the Westdale Orchestra, Mr. T. W. Oates welcomed the guests before giving his annual report.

Diplomas, certificates, prizes and crests were given out by the following gentlemen: Mr. George Gage, chairman of the Board of Education; Colonel B. M. Thomson, president of the Canadian Club; Dr. G. G. Henry, chairman of the Athletic and Physical Education Committee; Sam Manson, Mr. J. J. Hunt, chairman of the Advisory Vocational Committee.

Jim Carter, president of the newly-formed Alumni, gave the valedictory of the graduating classes. The Westdale Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. I. W. Lomas, gave variety to the exercises with pleasing selections.

Besides the diplomas awarded, efficiency awards were made as follows:

First Form—Jack Waterfield, Olive Darling, Marjorie Moore, Derwyn Halford, Dorothy Randles.

Second Form—Dick Fox, Bernice Carte, Mary Llewellyn, Irene Brown.

Third Form—Frank Enfield, Marion Disher, Stanley Poloski, Lily Stephenson.

Fourth Form—Bronte Startek, Mae Weir.

Specials—Helen Blatz, Aileen Elliott.

Canadian History Prizes went to Blanche Bruce, Millicent Campbell, Betty Cliffe, Lillian Bonich, Dorothy Glenn, Andrew Knox, Suzanna Lajzo, Rhene Macfarlane, Vivian Maxwell, Eleanor Pearson, Elizabeth Placko, Patricia Reynolds.

Athletic Championship awards were made as follows:

Boys: 1. Senior Championships (Prack Cup)—Charles Corcoran.
2. Intermediate Championship, Leonard Trophy—Stuart Bard.

3. Junior Championship (Spectator Trophy)
—Bill McLea.
4. Juvenile Championship—Andrew Knox.
Girls: 1. Girls Senior Championship—Nancy Rowan.
2. Girls Intermediate Championship (Vitone Cup)—Olive Theobald.
3. Girls Junior Championship—Evelyn Waterfield.

Medals won in district and Ontario High School Track Meet were presented to:

Albert Whittle, Hamilton, second place, intermediate pole vault.

Ted Sturgess Hamilton, first place intermediate broad jump.

Hugh Burtch, Toronto, first place, Ontario Championship, junior pole vault.

The Firestone Trophies for the relay team, and Wentworth Radio Basketball Trophies were presented.

The letter "C" was presented to Graham Knox, Ed. O'Connor, Michael Kapitan, and Jack McGuire, track team and Art Hammond, Henry Truty, George MacKay, Gordon Brown, basketball.

Intramural crests were presented to winners of the various leagues of the school's twenty-six touch rugby teams and the thirty-six basketball teams.

At the conclusion of the programme, dancing was enjoyed by the graduates in the boys' gymnasium, while the teachers were hosts to their guests in the library.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The following is a list of the officers of the new Alumni Association which was formed in June, 1936:

Honorary Presidents: Miss McCoig, Mr. Langford.

President: James Carter.

Vice-President: Alice Day.

Permanent Secretary: Miss MacBeth.

Secretary: Phyllis Cooper.

Executive: Jack Field, Lloyd Fletcher, Jean Wright, Elizabeth McMillan, Ina Brown.

Exchanges

by
Reg. Clark

The Tatler, Lindsay Collegiate—Lindsay, Ont.

We suggest that you have a larger literary section. Your "heard to say" column is good.

The Torpedo, Central High School of Commerce, —Toronto, Ont.

Your "statuettes in bronze" pictures are original, but where is your exchange?

Purple & Gold, Princeton, Ont.

More pictures would improve your book greatly. We are pleased to be able to exchange with you.

Kelvin Year Book, Kelvin Technical—Winnipeg, Man.

The coloured pictures and art work are worthy of special mention. We wish you continued success.

The Twig, University of Toronto Schools—Toronto, Ont.

Your magazine cover is outstanding and prominent. One of the best exchanges that we receive. Every school activity is well represented.

Aliwal-North H. S., Aliwal North—South Africa.

Your magazine is small but interesting. More stories and humour would be good improvements.

The Review London Central Collegiate—London, Ont.

Your page with "brush & easel" is worth mentioning. We have no criticisms for this magazine.

Argosy of Commerce High School of Commerce, Ottawa.

You are well represented with pictures but why confine them to the centre of your magazine? Your cover is good.

Lampadion Delta Collegiate, Hamilton, Ont.

You have a fine magazine. Improvement on your "humour" section would be to advantage.

The Bugle Crescent Heights High School—Calgary, Alberta.

A well put magazine. Your "hall of fame" column is original.

The Oracle London South Collegiate, London, Ont.

Your magazine is very good with your sports section most outstanding.

Lux Glebana Glebe Collegiate—Ottawa.

This is a good all-round magazine with your pictures being outstanding.

Oakwood Oracle Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto, Ont.

We suggest that you have more "exchange & Humour". We wish you continued success.

Blue & Gold Mount Hermon School—North Point, P.O., Darjeeling, India.

We suggest that you enlarge on the pictures in your magazine. Apart from this you have a good magazine.

Ye Flame Central Collegiate—Regina, Sask.

Your magazine has an attractive cover and is nicely set up.

Plumtree School Magazine Plumtree School—South Africa.

A good little booklet.

Vox Lycei Lisgar Collegiate—Ottawa.

The spreading out of your pictures would be an improvement to this magazine.

As Others See Us

Kelvin Year Book Kelvin Technical—Winnipeg, Manitoba:

"A good little annual. "Never late—Never absent" club is a good idea.

Argosy of Commerce High School of Commerce—Ottawa:

"Your write-ups are very good. "Two eyes in Italy" being exceptionally interesting."

Lampadion Delta Collegiate—Hamilton, Ont.:

"A well arranged magazine. The "Never late—Never absent" club is a novel idea. The pictures and cartoons are good. We suggest some exchange interest."

Blue & Gold Mount Hermon School—North Point, P.O., Darjeeling, India.

"Your book review section is to be recommended. A very good poetry section. The splendid specimens of handwriting are enough to encourage anyone to do better penmanship. Either the photographer or printer, or both, did poor work with your photos."

Exchange Humour

The following appeared in "Lux Glebana" of Glebe Collegiate Institute under the heading of "Glebe Howlers."

Floods from the Mississippi may be prevented by putting big dames in the river.

Wolfe won the battle of Quebec shortly after he died.

Drake plundered the golden-laden gallows of Spain.

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French revolution.

The moon is a planet just like the earth, only deader.

The blood in circulating goes down one leg and up the other.

The heart is shaped like a valentine.

The chief use of cowhide is to hold the cow together.

Norman takes a look at his bride and runs.

Norman seizes the cross and speeds onward, interrupting his own funeral.

Our dog condescendingly trotted indoors but presently came out in a way which reminds you of an aeroplane out of control with a biscuit in its inmouth.

Llewellyn was buried under a flow of saliva.

Conceits—the empty nothings that lovers say to each other.

Carbon monoxide may be tested by taking a good smell of it and if you're still alive it wasn't carbon monoxide.

"Hardness" in water is caused by frost.

Soda water is called a "soft" drink because it contains rain water.

Nitrous oxide is often called "laughing gas" because the dentist has the laugh on you when he uses it to extract your tooth—and your money.

Poetic license is a license required by poets to print their work.

The process of measuring verse is known as the metric system.

A Diocese is a thorough examination.

For fear of being seen by the English, the invisible Armada sailed around the North of Scotland.

Virgil:—This is a composition by Shakespeare which is yet studied.

Potassium cyanide is so poisonous that one drop of it on a dog's tongue will kill the strongest man.

Sea water has the formula CH_2O

Head colds may be prevented by using an agonizer until it drops into the throat.

An island is a body of water with part of the bottom on top.

A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cusps, two molars and eight cuspidors.

A buttress is a small pantry to keep butter in.

Teutonic languages are languages in which two tones are used.

Feminine of Colt—guild, hind, doe, colt, fillie, fillea, filial, fold, vili, calf, heifer, coalt, roan, fillet, fale, foul, coltess.

The night being dark, after supper we went to fish from the wharf with a lantern.

Cassandra was the God of Prophecy, or was that somebody else? I think so.

They finally saw the great airship, the R-100, coming up the canal.

Long ago dogs were used for watch-dogs to bark at a stranger if he came near their place but now our city police are used for this purpose.

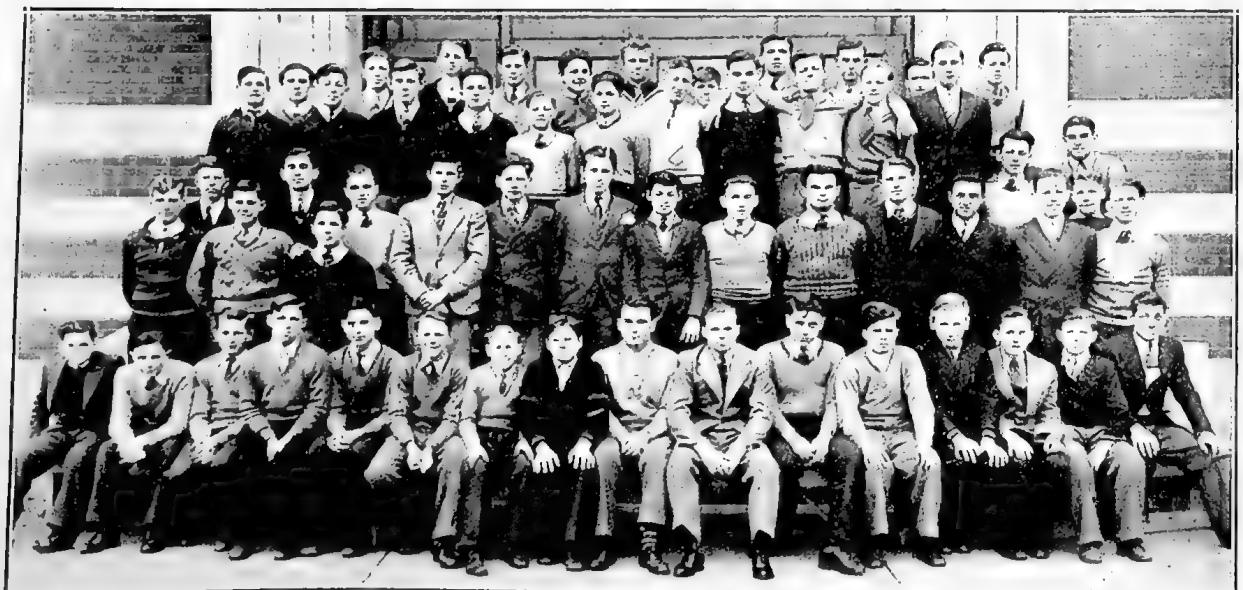
The clergy were declining in scruples, some religious places becoming just like homes.

Note from Miss McCraig "Mary has been very talkative in school lately. I think I will drop around and see her father."

Note from Mother: "Dear Miss McCraig, if you can't handle Mary, you'd better not tackle her father."



BANNER CLASS, 1935-1936 B III



SECOND FORM, B I and B II

Book Reviews

"INDIA, THE LAND OF THE BLACK PAGODA"

Reviewed By

TANYA EBERMAN

In a very charming and interesting manner Lowell Thomas describes in this book his trip to India. He found Australia and New Zealand fascinating, Africa full of thrills and surprises, and the Far East absolutely interesting. India, however, towers as far above them as the Himalayas tower above the Alps. As a spectacle there is nothing like it.

The author further arouses our curiosity and interest in his book by quoting Mark Twain's opinion of India that, "It is the only land with an irresistible appeal to alien prince and alien peasant alike." What is it that draws all men to India? What is it that grips the reader's imagination as he reads page after page? It is the mysticism of the country and its mysterious inhabitants! You will also ask why is it called "The Land of the Black Pagoda?" For, the Black Pagoda Temple stands as a symbol for all of India, a symbol of mystery, of its impenetrability to the Western eye.

A journey through India for the Westerner is one long pilgrimage among incomprehensible, and at the uttermost pinnacle of bafflement comes the "Black Pagoda". Scene after scene from the life of the divinity Krishna, the god of destruction, is portrayed in an intricate bewilderment of decorative arrangement. The interior, dusky and dim, as in nearly all Hindu temples, is simple and far more austere than the exterior. It is, however, the exterior that catches the eye. Executed there with a splendid technique of art is an array of unparalleled obscenity. This cannot be called frankness, for the lascivious elements are emphasized and exaggerated. As the stranger gazes upon this spectacle he shudders with fear, for, you must remember this is religion! It is a religion which permits murder, theft and obscenity, and it is this religion that has had such a great influence upon the Hindu and which has given them the courage to fight back civilization. The land is torn by thousands of different creeds, yet each one seems to clutch the hearts of its worshippers as if by iron magnets. We

dare not prophesy how much more human sacrifice it will require, and how many centuries will yet pass, before the thirty-three millions of gods, goddesses and demons, will be banished from their temples; also when will India become a nation in fact, not in fancy, with one ruler and one God!

Not only does the author deal with the most important, the religious problem, but also the climatic, social, and political state of India. About the latter the author states that, though bureaucracy does exist there, bureaucracy which is the curse of humanity, he still justifies Britain's action. For, although India possesses such a great man as the poet and philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore, and a few others, the masses are the most ignorant in this world, and more democratic methods at present would be futile. He also points out that the terrific heat is a great hindrance to the development of the country. It is no wonder then, that most of the population is lazy and unhealthy, as well as backward.

In concluding I can safely say that the author has achieved his aim in this book. That is, he has told the reader everything he has seen in India, in such a manner as to arouse in him the desire to visit India. As in very few other books on travel, the author has purposely omitted statistics, and it has made the reading of this volume much pleasanter. It sometimes made you feel that you are actually following the author on his trip not merely reading a book about it.

THE WINGLESS VICTORY

Reviewed by

MARY KIRKENDALE

Among the playwrights of today the name of Maxwell Anderson has been rated very highly. Mr. Anderson's early education was somewhat diversified, having attended schools in Ohio, Iowa, and North Dakota. He graduated from the University of the latter state in 1911. He then taught school for two years but tiring of this he became an editorial writer. Maxwell Anderson first became known to the habitual playgoers in 1923,

when his drama, "White Desert" was produced by Brock Pemberton. He was the co-author of the immensely successful play, "What Price Glory?" and he won the critics' prize in 1936 for his tragedy, "Winterset." Mr. Anderson has written many other excellent plays, the latest being "The Wingless Victory," which had its first performance on any stage in the National Theatre, Washington, D.C., on Tuesday night, November 24, 1936.

This play takes place in the little New England town of Salem early in the winter of 1800. The scene lies around the house of the Reverend Phineas McQuestion, a rather narrow-minded creature with severe and unmoving principles. He lives with his mother, who is of the same nature as the minister himself and a younger brother, Ruel, who thinks them hard-hearted and given to hypocrisy. The story is about another brother who has gone away from home many years ago and has sworn that he will not come back until he obtains enough wealth to buy the town. He does come back under the conditions he stated but the homecoming proves to be a very unhappy and miserable occasion from which springs much misery and hate between the brothers.

Nathaniel, for that is this venturesome young man's name, brings back with him Oparre, his wife, who is a Malay princess, and his two children. Nathaniel finds that the townspeople do not look upon his marriage in the same light as he. Even his mother and brother forsake him in his hour of bitterness. Oparre believes implicitly that their love for each other will bring them through these trials but they soon have to face the knowledge of their loneliness for other companionship. Some question comes up as to the validity of Nathaniel's title to his ship and many implications arise. Nathaniel is given the choice of sending his wife and children back to their native country or of keeping them and being charged with piracy.

In this play Maxwell Anderson endeavours to present to the world a knowledge of the unhappiness and misery which supposedly virtuous human beings can cause by a lack of toleration.

Maxwell Anderson untangles this problem in a highly dramatic way, but he does not release his characters from their sorrow and wretchedness. His poetic diction is what raises his plays to such a superlative degree of excellence. Faith's speech, "Here's a brother returning, the giddiest, maddest tar that ever followed the whistling of a wind—and in he blows with a fortune reaped on the out-

lands of the moon somewhere, anywhere—went out with half a florin to bless himself, and back now a merchant prince with gold he coined in a sunset!" shows his gift of choosing beautiful and powerful words from his extensive vocabulary and putting them together to form such a speech of dramatic force. He shows the deep content of a wandering sailor on his returning home in Nathaniel's speech, "—, if you knew how a man could long for a cool green coast, and maybe a cool green friend or two, left over from his youth." Oparre's prayer brings out her presentiment of tragedy and her loneliness among strangers.

"KYBER CARAVAN"

Reviewed by

BERNICE CARTE

In his latest book, "Kyber Caravan," Gordon Sinclair, author of "Cannibal Quest," "Foot-Loose in India," and "Loose Among Devils," brings to his readers a more fascinating, better illustrated story of adventure than ever before published.

In the vigorous style, characteristic in his writings, he describes his adventures in the dangerous Far East. His journey took him through that murderous highway, the Kyber Pass, where, but one week before, forty men and boys had been massacred. From there, he went to Waziristan, which he named "homeland of homicides," where there are over a thousand murders a year. From this point he dashed thirteen hundred miles through mountain, desert, and jungle, to Bombay. Shortly after arriving in Bombay, Sinclair was flying off to an even more spectacular experience than any that had proceeded, the Quetta Earthquake.

After almost suffocating in the Quetta area, he swung south-west to Rajputana, where he visited the Rajput rulers, hunted tigers, poked pins into a Brahmin priest, at his own request, while the priest was in a trance, and ate a full-course goat dinner, the goat being killed and prepared while he waited.

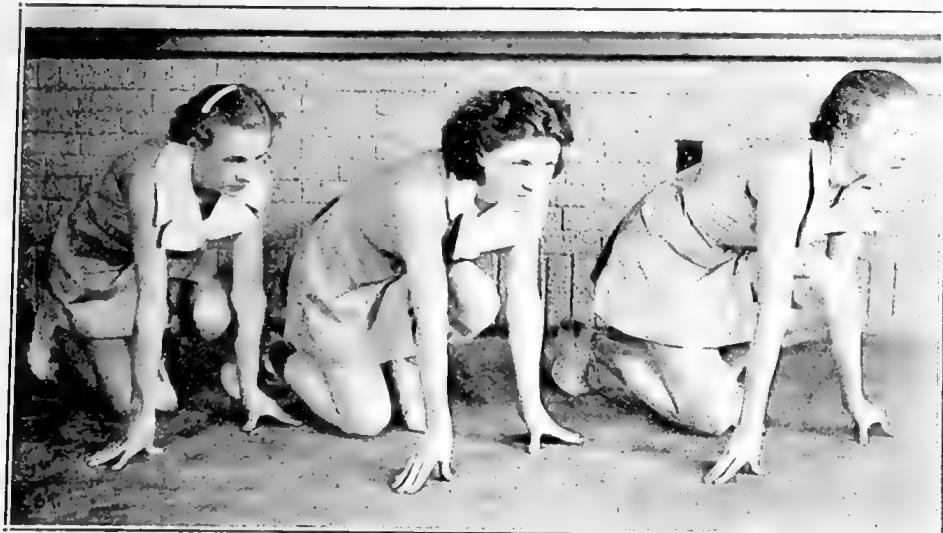
Not all the experiences he relates, however, were horrible. Often he tells of something humorous, often ridiculous and it is these unexpected bits which add greatly to a story of travel which is truly fascinating. There are many maps and excellent pictures to add further interest so that in imagination one can travel along with him.



SECOND FORM, B III, B IV and B V.

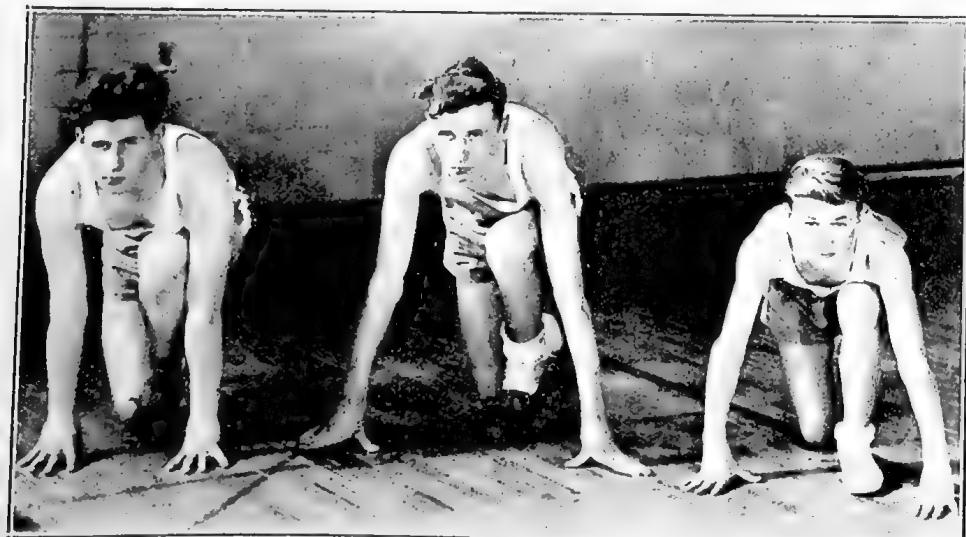


SECOND FORM, B VI, B VII and B VIII



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Evelyn Waterfield, Olive Theobald, Nancy Rowan



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Bill McLea, Stuart Bard, Andy Knox

Physical Education

by

H. L. DILWORTH, B.A.

To the parents of boys attending the Central High School of Commerce:

The Department of Physical Education is divided into six activity groups throughout the school year. These groups constitute formal exercise, gymnastic stunts, highly organized sports, intramural athletics, recreational games, and health education. Don't let your boy delude you with the idea that he is taking "P.T." Most of us still have memories of long periods of bruising exercise done very formally. The old "P.T." was no fun but in its place there is a new system which should go by the symbols P.E. standing for a sane and balanced curriculum of Physical Education.

Boys at the High School of Commerce have two eighty-minute periods of Physical Education during school hours each week. In addition to these two periods they may devote much of the time from 4 to 6 p.m. to any one of three out of the six groups of Physical Education already mentioned. Let us see just what each group of the work stands for.

Formal exercises are given for a fifteen or twenty minute duration in each eighty minute period. They consist of the modern rhythmical Danish calisthenics which are adapted to exercise all parts of the body.

Gymnastic stunts require a thirty-minute period out of the eighty minutes over a stretch of five months in the year. Under the heading of gymnastic stunts is found instruction in movements on the vaulting horse and the parallel bars, tumbling on the mats, and pyramid building.

Highly organized sports are those games which require scientific coaching such as rugby, hockey, basketball, water polo, track and field and softball. The High School of Commerce has an organized team in each of these sports. All instruction in these sports is given either after four o'clock or at a time when accommodation can be secured. (The water polo team did most of its practice work during the noon hour. The hockey team practised from seven until eight a.m.)

Intramural athletics consist of these highly organized sports but every boy in the school plays. This is one instance where ability does not count. "Have a good time" is the slogan. Commerce stu-

dents like to win but they can also enjoy the game for the game's sake because they are all given a chance to participate. The Intramural program is quite involved and requires endless work by boys of the school who are interested in athletics. Your boy does not have to play any sport if he does not want to. However, he usually finds one which he likes in the following group: touch rugby, foul shooting, basketball, checkers, table tennis, volleyball, bowling, hockey, indoor softball, badminton, golf, golf driving, tennis and horseshoes.

Recreational games are played in the eighty-minute class period and consist of easily organized group games, relays and ball games (dodgeball etcetera). These give the boy an education in the art of handling a social or a recreational group of his own, and especially valuable to boys who hold positions as Sunday school teachers, scout leaders, Y.M.C.A. leaders and playground instructors.

The last section of the work, health education, is one that is rapidly coming to the fore in the modern educational system. The eighty-minute Physical Education period provides for this in several ways. All boys must change to a regulation gymnasium outfit. Ten minutes of the period are devoted to marching and at this time special attention is paid to poor posture. Special posture and foot exercises are given in addition to the regular Danish gymnastic work. The final fifteen minutes of the period is devoted to a shower bath and change back to civilian clothing. Once a month the boys are given a talk on some phase of health and the human body, the subjects becoming more advanced as the boys mature in age.

The question of Physical Education is a serious one at all times. It can be taken very lightly or made an important contributing factor in the life of the growing boy. As director of Physical Education at the High School of Commerce, it has been my aim to present Physical Education in each of its six aspects. I hope that you as parents of the boys enrolled in the school will take the subject just as seriously as I do and will continue to co-operate with the department of Physical Education as well in the future as you have in the past.



HOCKEY 1937—Left to Right: L. Skelton, J. Brown, E. Skelton, V. Lynam, A. MacMullan, F. Knight (captain), O. Purvis, E. Ryder, R. Clarke, J. Hale, D. Fox. Back Row: J. Carter, manager, H. L. Dilworth, director of athletics. Absent: J. Taylor, B. Laing.



RUGBY, 1936—Peninsula Conference Champions— Standing: V. Lynam, G. Brown, J. Buchanan, H. L. Dilworth (coach), J. Hale, D. Fox (captain), G. Mackay, J. Taylor. Kneeling: J. Dominic, R. Goshgarian, E. Ryder, E. Straight (manager), A. Yakmalian, "Cee" Oliver (manager), D. Brown, Nash. Front Row: C. Corcoran, R. Clarke, B. Hill, K. Johnston, H. Connor, H. Kelly. Absent: J. Raycroft.

Boys ATHLETICS



By
DICK BADGER

Rugby

Blue & White! Blue & White! Rah! Rah!

Well, our blue and white of Commerce have hung up their first rugby title. The team this year played in the Peninsula Conference League matched against Grimsby, Caledonia and Saltfleet High Schools. With an American style of play, hard practice and under the able coaching of Mr. Dilworth they won five games and lost but one. They proved to be baffling to all opposition and certainly deserved to win. Every player filled his role to perfection with the large gains by Bob Goshgarian in the backfield flanked by the superior plunging of Dick Fox and the work of Harv Connor, John Dominic, and Jim Buchanan up front standing out. Many players of this years team will be able to play next Autumn making a bright outlook for next year's club.

Line-up—

Flying Wing—Dick Fox
 Quarter Back—Vince Lynam
 Half Backs—Bob Goshgarian, Jack Ray-
 croft, Gord. Brown
 Snap—Jim Buchanan
 Insides—Harvey Kelley, Ken Johnston.
 Middles—John Dominic, Charlie Corcoran

Outsides—Reg. Clark, Harvey Connor.
 Alternates—Bill Hill, George McKay, Jim
 Taylor, Earl Ryder, Jim Nash

Scores of the games are as follows:

Commerce 3, Grimsby 2
 Commerce 22, Saltfleet 8
 Commerce 24, Caledonia 1
 Commerce 14, Grimsby 7
 Commerce 1, Saltfleet 14
 Commerce 9, Caledonia 2

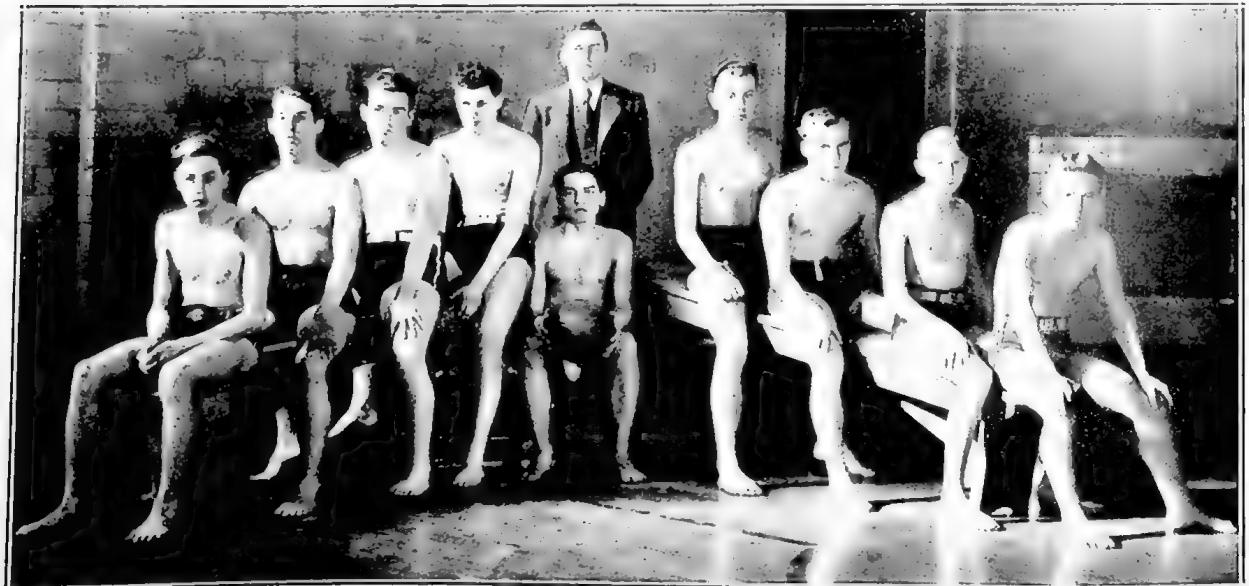
Water Polo

This game of Water-polo is steadily climbing to popularity up the sports ladder. Commerce have done well at this sport reaching the play-offs twice in their two years of participation in the Junior High School League. Although not winning the city championship the boys have enjoyed a good share of the wins playing well in every game. In first half of this year's schedule they proved very powerful, winning three games and tying one to put them in the lead. But in the last half they faltered somewhat and when the regular schedule showed its conclusion three teams were tied for first place, Tech, Cathedral and Commerce. In the



JUNIOR BASKETBALL
INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS OF HAMILTON, 1937

Left to Right—H. Truty (captain), G. Mackay, B. Hill, D. Fox, M. Hollo (manager), H. L. Dilworth (coach), G. Brown, S. Bard, P. Burns, M. Warwick, D. Hynes.



WATER POLO 1936-37

Left to Right—J. Carrigan, J. Lewis, K. Johnston, J. Buchanan, F. Augustiny, J. H. Donaldson (coach), G. Tyce, L. Lade (captain), G. Miller, A. Gubbins. *Absent*—C. Corcoran, R. B. Jarvis, B. Vekony.

semi-finals Commerce was matched against Delta, and after four bruising quarters and three overtime periods Delta came out victorious by the score of 5-2. Every player is to be credited with showing real sportsmanship and playing ability.

The players were—Vecony, Jarvis, Johnston, Tyce, Gubbins, Lewis, Corcoran, Augustiny, Miller, Lade, Carrigan.

Score of their games are:

Commerce 0, Delta 0
 Commerce 2, Central 1
 Commerce 1, Technical 0
 Commerce 2, Cathedral 1
 Commerce 1, Delta 2
 Commerce 5, Central 2
 Commerce 1, Technical 2
 Commerce 0, Cathedral 2

Finals—

Commerce 2, Delta 5.



Charles Corcoran
 DIVING CHAMPION
 of the City of Hamilton

Basketball

Three cheers to our Sailors for winning the Junior Basketball Championship in grand style. Packing plenty of speed, experience, and fight they looked winners all the way. After much serious practice, under the able coaching of Mr. Dilworth, they were spotted as a team to win. In the semi-finals against Central they played two bruising games coming out on top 48-27 on the round, thus giving them the right to play in the finals. In the finals Cathedral High gave Commerce their first real opposition. The first game at Cathedral was a listless affair, both teams checking very close, the

result being a twelve all tie. When the second game commenced it was a toss-up as to who would win the championship. Both teams fought hard from start to finish with Commerce having a slight edge in the last half to win the game 14-11. Every player deserves recognition as they all played heads-up ball throughout the season. We look forward to a great future in this game of basketball at our school.

The Players—

Centre—H. Truty (Captain)
 Forward—G. McKay
 Forward—D. Hynes
 Guard—D. Fox
 Guard—P. Burns

Alternates—B. Hill, M. Warwick, S. Bard

The scores of the games of the regular schedule are:

Commerce 26, Tech 18
 Commerce 24, Cathedral 7
 Commerce 36, Tech 15
 Commerce 19, Cathedral 7
 Commerce 18, Central 17
 Commerce 32, Central 10
 Commerce 12, Cathedral 12
 Commerce 14, Cathedral 11

Scores of Exhibition games:

Commerce 24, Grads 16
 Commerce 11, Nichols 39
 Commerce 5, Zions Midgets 7

Leaders in points in Inturmural Competition:

2. Knox, 575 points
1. Bard, 645 points
3. McLea, 500 points
4. Carroll, 447 points.
5. Davidson, 404 points
6. Butland, 364 points
7. Lade, 345 points
8. Wade, 342 points
9. Badger, 332 points
10. Truty, 309 points.

Tumbling

Back in December Mr. Dilworth picked about thirty-five boys to go down to the gymnasium every Wednesday night to do some tumbling. After several weeks of practice about fifteen of the best boys in the school were picked to perform on the mats and the parallel bars at the gym exhibition to be held in April. At this exhibition many of our school boys will march, tumble, work on the parallel bars, and do exercises.



REG CLARK



DICK FOX



VINCE LYNAM

Our School's Leading Athletes for this Year

REG. CLARK, COMMERCIAL

Clark's main sport is hockey. Commencing with the Cherub League, he has donned skates for some team or another for the last six years. Last year he patrolled the right wing area for High School of Commerce, but this season, like many slipping National Leaguers who have had their crack at the forward line, he has moved back to defence. However, this does not mean he is retarding. On the contrary, he is improving with every game. In 1935, he called the signals for the Commerce senior football squad and last year he saw action at outside for the same team. Peninsula Conference champions. In 1934, Reg was in right field for Frost Playground bantam city hardball champs. Clark has quite a collection of medals and ribbons, captured in various swimming events at the Y.M.C.A. He is 17 years of age, weighs 148 pounds, and is 5 feet, 7 inches tall. If Reg could apply his dashing style of play to business, he would make an able salesman. He attends Ryerson United Church.

DICK FOX, HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Dick is one of the outstanding athletes in junior ranks in Hamilton at the present time. Last autumn he was captain and flying wing of the High School of Commerce Peninsula Conference football champs. This winter he will line up at right guard for Commerce in the junior basketball league and he will centre the first line of the hockey team. He is the best gymnast in the school, presi-

dent of the school and a ninety per cent. student in academic studies. In addition to playing on championship teams at the Sanford Avenue school, he has been a member of hockey winners and softball champions. If Dick were a collegiate student, he would be sure-fire material for McMaster university within three years. He is a natural athlete and a prospective Syl Apps in the making. Dick is 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds and is a member of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church.

VINCE LYNAM, HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

After studying at Cathedral for four years, Vince wearied of the path he had beaten in that direction and transferred to Commerce, where he was welcomed to the football and hockey teams. He left a fine record at Cathedral, however, as he played junior and senior football in 1934 and 1935, respectively, and was also on the 1935-36 water polo septet. On reaching Commercial, his musical voice was detected and he was given the job of calling signals for last year's Blue and White gridiron squad, Peninsula Conference champs. During the present hockey season, he is hitting opposing forwards hard on the Commerce defence. Previous to this year, he had done his puck-chasing for Shamrocks. Vince has two brothers who are also athletically inclined, Jerry and Chris. Vince is 18 years old, weighs 162, and is five feet, 11 inches tall standing on the horizon. He attends St. Patrick's Church.

Nichols Night

When the Nichols School teams from Buffalo came to Commerce a very successful program was staged, composed of a hockey game in the afternoon followed by a banquet for the players at Roberts Restaurant where many of the players from Nichols were interviewed over the radio by Perc LeSeur. In the evening they resumed action by playing basketball and at ten o'clock a dance was held in the gymnasium.

The game at the Barton St. Arena was won by Nichols after a hard fought game. Commerce started the game strong with early scores by Hale and Knight. Before the period ended the visitors knotted one to make them one down going into the second period. After the rest period the Buffalonians came on fast to score twice more. In the last frame the visitors scored twice with Commerce tallying once making the final score 5 to 3.

In the basketball game Nichols again registered a win. Winning in grand style they showed stalwart form in passing, shooting, and defensive work. Though decisively beaten the Commerce boys have the satisfaction that they went down fighting. Buffalo led at half time by the score of 17-7 and went on to win to the tune of 39-11.

Hockey

Our school hockey team did not have much luck this year not because they did not fight. Every player tried hard and although they lost most of their games they never went down without a fight. Knight, Hale, and Purvis were the main cogs in the Commerce machine playing well in every game.

The Players—

Goal—Purvis

Defence—Lynam, Ryder.

Centre—Fox.

Wings—Knight, Hale.

Alternates—Clark, Taylor, L. Skelton, E. Skelton, McMillan, Brown.

The Scores of their games are as follows—

Commerce 1, Saltfleet 1

Commerce 3, Nichols 5

Commerce 2, Central

Commerce 1, Delta 6

Commerce 1, Westdale 3

Basketball

Commerce basketball players this year were afforded a rare opportunity to see how basketball is played by the best players in the world when they

visited Broadway Auditorium on February 24 to see the world champion Laemmle team of California play Canisius College of Buffalo in one game of an exciting double-header. The other game was played between Loyola University of Chicago and the clever team from Niagara University.

Through the courtesy and co-operation of Mr. Gallagher, coach of Niagara University, the boys were able to secure the best seats in the huge auditorium at a very nominal price. That they learned a few tricks about the game of basketball by watching these stellar teams in action goes without saying. It is unfortunate that one of these teams could not be brought to Hamilton to show the public what real basketball looks like.

There is an invitation out to the Commerce players to visit Niagara University next year to see the same team in action and this invitation should be accepted readily. Visual education is one of the most advantageous ways of teaching anything, be it academic work or athletic activity. The more games the players are able to see which will benefit them the better players they themselves will become. It is to be hoped that several Hamilton teams will follow this lead of watching the best in the world in order that they too might become better.

Last Year in Review

Too late for publication last year were facts relating to softball and track and field work. In the former the High School of Commerce fielded a splendid team which all but ousted Technical for the trophy. The final score of the last game was 2 to 1 for Tech after both Commerce and Tech had finished ahead of the Normal School team. Players for the school were Jack Barker, pitch; Babe Giacinti, catch; Dick Fox, first base; Gordon Brown, second base; Walter Golba, short-stop; Harvey Connor, third base; Ted Kattruck, left field; Jim Brown, centre field; Jack Russell, right field.

Commerce compiled 25 points in the Inter-sectional Track and Field meet at Scott Park last May. Gordon Brown, Ted Sturgess, Hugh Burtsch, Stan. Keith, Albert Whittle and Stuart Bard all counted for the Blue team in their special events. Bard, Sturgess and Burtsch represented the school at the Ontario Championship meet in Toronto in June and although they failed to win high honours (Burtsch captured a third in the pole vault), they have the satisfaction of knowing that they were competing against the best boys the province had to offer.



GIRLS' JUNIOR AND SENIOR VOLLEY BALL TEAMS

Back Row—C. Massey, M. Ball, E. Blackmore, N. Rowan, E. Reynolds, M. Walker, A. Norris (seniors), F. Hodgson (coach). *Front Row*—K. McAulay, D. Palova, M. Bruce, M. Callon, B. Bridges, S. Kaminski, P. Alcock, O. Theobald, M. Schneider, J. Boyko, M. Horvat.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—B. Bridges, J. Boyko, C. Midgley, F. Hodgson (coach), D. Ashworth, E. Moro, V. Bayne. *Front*—A. Norris, R. Hartley, E. Hayward, T. Pelletier (capt.), O. Theobald, G. Galloway, M. Schneider.

Girls' Athletics



by ANNE NORRIS

During the year 1936-7 the girl's athletic programme has been extensively carried out.

Field Day

On October 9 the flash of blue and white dotted the Scott's Park campus as our school held its annual Field Day.

Evelyn Waterfield captured first honors in the Junior Division; Olive Theobald came out the victor in the Intermediate section; and Nancy Rowan gained top honors in the Senior group.

Worthy of note, is the fact that all three don spikes for the Hamilton Olympic Club, and the club is glad of it.

Volleyball

Volleyball is fast becoming a popular sport among the girls, and when Miss Hodgson and Miss Hinchcliffe of Central, put their heads together, the result was a series of friendly games between the schools. The final outcome was:

	Winners
Commerce Juniors at Central	Commerce
Commerce Juniors at home	Commerce
Commerce Seniors at Central	Central
Commerce Seniors at home	Commerce
Inter-form volleyball	followed with keen compe-

tion between the classes. After many fierce battles the result was:

1st form—A 12.
2nd form—B 5.
3rd form—C 2.
School Champs—C 2.

Basketball, Juniors

Piling up points for the Juniors were Thelma Pelletier (captain), leading scorer for the younger team; Elsie Morro, hard working right forward and Anne Norris. Holding the fort for defence were Olive Theobald, Mary Schneider and Gayle Galloway. Substituting remarkably well was Vera Bayne who also substituted for Senior; Elsie Hayward, Connie Midgley, Jennie Boyko, Betty Brydges, and Ruth Hartley.

The games played were:
 Central at Commerce Juniors won, Seniors lost
 Commerce at Central Juniors won; Senior lost
 Technical at Commerce Juniors lost; Seniors did not play
 Commerce at Technical Juniors lost; Seniors did not play
 Delta at Commerce Juniors lost; Seniors lost
 Commerce at Delta Juniors lost; Seniors won
 Westdale at Commerce Juniors won; Seniors won
 Commerce at Westdale Juniors lost; Seniors lost

Basketball, Seniors

Later in the year, a bevy of girls crowded the gym every Monday and Wednesday after four, and from these prospects, the Junior and Senior teams were picked.

Evelyn Blackmore (captain) has a style all her own; Diane McLean, with her famous overhand shots and Cora Massey, so small she couldn't be seen by her opponents, were their chief scoring threats with Kay McAulay, Marion Ball, and Frances Cosby holding their own on defence.

Mamie Brown played only two games when she was forced to abandon the team because of illness. Olive Theobald substituted most ably until another girl was available.

Swimming

Our swimming quartette has had one chance so far in competition, but unfortunately, on the eventful

day one of the girls was forced to drop out. Watch out for them in the future, and in the meantime let's have more swimmers splashing their way through for Commerce.



ANNE NORRIS
Ontario Junior Diving Champion



WINNERS OF VOLLEY BALL SERIES, C2

Back Row—J. McEnnery, R. McCrimmon, K. McAulay (captain), A. Southall, J. DeVries, V. Bayne, B. Riddough. *Front Row*—M. Gear, C. Massey, O. Levay, D. Hutton, O. Henniker, T. Pelletier.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

E. Blackmore (captain), F. Cosby, D. McLean, M. Ball, K. McAulay, C. Massey, F. Hodgson (coach).

STAFF CHANGES

September, 1936, saw many changes in the staff of the Central High School of Commerce. Miss Vera Ramsay is no longer one of our teachers but she is the wife of one—of Mr. T. R. Holmes. Miss Helen Marshall is on leave of absence and is still at her sister's home in Ottawa. Mr. H. MacDonald left our school to become a member of the staff of Toronto Elevators. Apparently this business concern is looking for young men because in October Mr. J. Montgomery joined Mr. MacDonald in this office. Miss M. Goode, Miss B. Mackenzie and Miss P. Sloat are now among our new lady teachers while Mr. C. R. A. Day, Mr. F. R. Smith and Mr. G. Purdy have been added to the staff.



By
JACK MORGAN

It Might Have Been You

In the course of a day Mr. Oates gets more laughs than anyone in the whole school. Did any of you ever read those Absent Cards and those Late Slips before you hand them back to your form teacher? If you would try this sometime you would only need a very small sense of humour to see how amusing some of them are. Here is a sample:

"Oscar was laid up with Flu."

"Ruth had a bad cold and it was raining."

"Jack had a toothache and the clock stopped."

"Thought it was Saturday."

"Missed the street car, so returned home."

"Flat tire."

"Jewish Hallowe'en."

"Couldn't find his rubbers."

"Cold."

"Weather too stormy."

"Looking for a job."

"No excuse." (That's honesty).

"Had to take the dog for a walk, and it was slippery."

"Late getting in the night before."

"Had a nasty cold-sore on lip, was unable to leave home."

"The wind was too strong."

"The milkman was late."

"My son apparently played hookey. Won't happen again."

First Form

Margaret Buist: "What kind of fellow is Lloyd Wilson?"

Dot Coulter: "Well, the other night the lights went out in the parlour and he spent the rest of the evening tinkering with the fuses."

* * * *

Warden: "Where is the murderer that came in yesterday?"

Executioner: "Oh, he's probably hanging around some place."

Mr. Holmes: "Who was it said: 'They run, now I can die in peace?'"

Marion Tydd: "Henry Ford."

* * * *

Mr. Elliott: "Now, class, watch the board while I go through it again."

* * * *

"Good Day," said Fisher to the French lady, "Pugh, how this Greenwood Dore smells. I wish they would get some good Wood from Smith's Falls. I hope they have not Ferguson it, their wood is the real McCoy. It's a cinch that this will Harley do, it smells like Oates."

* * * *

Theresa Fawcett: "Careful Betty, mind how you handle those books. Some of them go back to George the First, you know."

Betty Gay: "You should have given them back to him before this!"

* * * *

A lady was entertaining Thelma Leggat. "Are you sure you can cut you meat, Thelma?" she asked, after watching her for a moment.

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Miss Harley: "Well, did you read the letter I gave you?"

Edith Lynch: "Yes, Miss Harley. I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You're expelled,' and on the outside it said 'Return in five days.' So here I am."

* * * *

Officer: "You're been doing 6 miles an hour. Don't you care anything about the law?"

Mary Schneider, the young lady of the car said, "Why officer how can I tell yet? I've only just met you."

* * * *

Miss Wood: "Where is Mary Horvat?"

Class "Gone to the races."

Miss Wood: "Gone to the races during school hours?"

Class: "Yes, Miss Wood, it's her last chance of making the books balance."

* * * *

Mr. Foucar: "Do you mean to tell me that a boy nearly strangled a girl at the tea dance with over six hundred of students present?"

Moncur: "Yes, sir, everybody thought they were dancing."

* * - *

Miss Duffy (sharply): "Betty you must bring a

written excuse for being absent yesterday, from the head of the family."

B. Richmond: "She's away in Toronto for a two weeks' holiday, shall I bring one from my father?"

* * * *

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate at the races. The gate-keeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles called:

"A dollar for the car."

Mr. Foucar looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said: "Sold."

* * * *

Helen C. who is sitting on her boy friend's knee, "Why darling, what big muscles you have!"

Johnny C.: "They're not muscles, that's the buttons on my shirt."

* * * *

Carroll: "What part of the body is the fray?"

Mr. Dilworth: "What are you talking about?"
Carroll: "This book says Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

* * * *

Mr. Stewart: "What is the interest on a thousand for one year at two per cent?"

Steinberg: "At two per cent I'm not interested."

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COMPLIMENTS
OF
ORANGE CRUSH

Mildred Davies: "Did you know MacGregor died? He left everything he had to an orphans' home."

Bette Gilbert: "No, what did he leave?"

M. Davies: "Ten children."

* * * *

Mr. Oates and the inspector came into the class in Literature period while everyone was having their afternoon nap. Mr. Oates noticed Mackay dozing off.

"Mackay," called Mr. Oates.

"Oh, shut up will you," yelled McKay, and then he saw who he was talking to. "Oh, pardon me sir, I thought it was Mr. Greenwood."

* * * *

Ken Johnson: "Boy, I'm scared. I just got a letter from a man telling me he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his daughter."

Hall: "Well, all you have to do is stay away from his daughter."

"Ken: "Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

Third Form

Mr. Purdy: "Give me a Combination Industry." Murray Warwick (brightly): "Moodies Underwear."

* * * *

Dorothy L.: "Yesterday I met a young man who had never kissed a girl in his life."

Margaret M.: "I should like to meet him."

Dorothy: "You're too late now."

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Audrey C.: "Why do they have knots on the ocean instead of miles?"

Dr. Wingfield: "Well you see they couldn't have the ocean tide if there were no knots."

* * * *

Helen Z: "A hydrant, a cabbage, and a tomato ran a race. Which do you think won?"

Jane: "I don't know, who?"

Helen: "The cabbage came out ahead, the tomato is still trying to catchup, while the hydrant is still running."

* * * *

Annie C.: "It's only six o'clock and I told you to come after supper."

Jimmy: "That's exactly what I came after."

* * * *

Mr. Powell: "No appetite this morning, eh? What's the matter, late lunch?"

Pearl: "No, daddy, early apples."

A car drove up to the filling station.

Attendant: "Juice."

Rubenstein: "Vell, vat of it?"

* * * *

Mr. Langford: "Clark, why haven't you got your homework done?"

Reg: "Martin didn't have it done, sir."

* * * *

Mr. Langford (sternly): "When the room settles down I will begin the lesson."

Hill: "Why don't you go home and sleep it off, sir?"

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Marg. Hardcastle: "What is that bump on your head, Agnes?"

Agnes: "Oh that is where a thought struck me."

* * * *

Hank Truty: "May I marry your daughter?"

Poppa: "What's your vocation?"

Hank: "I am an actor."

Poppa: "Then get out before the footlights!"

* * * *

After a very hard day, Mr. Pugh was tired out and his nerves on edge. At five to four there was a knock at the door. Morgan answered it.

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Morgan: "There's a man at the door that wants to know if you're all there sir."

Mr. Pugh: "Do you know what you're saying, Morgan? Explain yourself."

Morgan: "Well, sir, I answered the door and a coloured gent said to me: 'I'se looking fo Mr. Pugh, is he all there?'"

* * * *

Normally says: "Dictaphones have their faults, but they never make dinner dates with the boss, or sit on his lap and whisper sweet nothings about a mink coat and a dinner date.

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Fourth Form

"That remains to be seen," said the elephant as he walked on the wet cement.

* * * *

Beatrice Pitt: "Will you join me in a cup of tea?"

Mary Walker: "You get in first and then we can see how much room there is left."

* * * *

Marion Disher's father to prospective son-in-law: "Can you support a faintly, young man?"

Hopeful: "I suppose so. How many are there of you?"

* * * *

"The verra best music I ever heard whateffer," remarked Dr. Wingfield, one of the pipers at Bobby Burns' night, "was doon at Jamie MacLaughlan's."

"There were fifteen o' us in Jamie's wee bock parlor, ond iverybody was playing in different chunes. I honestly thought I was floatin' aboot in Heaven."

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Winnifred Madden: "Hullo, Doctor."

Doctor: "Hullo, I don't remember you."

Winnifred: "Well you ought to. You took out my appendix."

Doctor: "Oh, yes. I didn't recognize you from the outside."

* * * *

She's only a dentist's daughter, but she goes around with the smartest set in town.

* * * *

Miss Dodds: "Give me a sentence using the word 'Collier'."

Ethel Turner: "Will you collier dog off?"

* * * *

Marion Disher: "Have you got a dime to help the Old Ladies' Home?"

Mildred Morton: "What! Are they out again?"

* * * *

Caroline Field: "Daddy, you are a lucky man."

Daddy: "How is that?"

Caroline: "You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I'm taking all of last year's work over again."

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Alma Pryke: "Is this supposed to be spring chicken?"

Waitress: "It certainly is."

Alms: "Boy, I must be chewing one of the springs."

* * * *

Mary Forrest: "Spring is just around the corner."

Ethel Turner: "Yes, I just saw a robin red-breast."

Mary: "Oh, that couldn't be. It's too early."

Ethel: "Then it must have been a sparrow with high blood pressure."

* * * *

Christmas is one day when "Gimme" gals will forget and forgive almost anything—for the present.

* * * *

First Kangaroo: "Did you bring the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness, I've had my pockets picked."

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Ina Brown: "Oh, oh! I've heard that one before."

* * * * *

And you never realize what a small world it is until you see your girl friend trying to park your car in it.

* * * * *

Mrs. Marshall: "Eat your spinach child. Don't you know it puts firm, white teeth in your mouth?"

Marjorie (brightly): "Then feed it to grandpa."

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Continued from Page 22

from the starting line. After roaring around the track he felt satisfied with his car. He strode into the paddock and drank a cup of coffee.

Presently other cars and drivers came in and spectators thronged the bleachers. The cars were lined up and the drivers sat in their cockpits tensely awaiting the starting flag. Don pulled his goggles over his eyes, the starter's flag dropped, and in a roar of exhaust, and smell of hot oil and gasoline, the cars leapt away from the starting line. Hunched over the wheel Don pressed forward to round the first curve, the rest of the pack hard at his heels. His engine was running perfectly and he felt assured that the race was his. But it was yet to be

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run. Then an Italian Bugatti began to gain on him. Anxiety filled his heart as the bonnet of the Bugatti passed his front axle. He kept on its tail sliding through broadside after broadside in a hail of cinders. Two laps to go. The bleachers were a blur as he roared on, hard on the tail of the Bugatti. Now he was on the home stretch. He pressed the accelerator to the floorboards. His car gamely responded. With exhausts belching flame and smoke, engine roaring, tires whining, and super-charger shrilling a high-pitched song, he surged past the Bugatti. Vainly the Italian driver tried to regain his lost position. But it was hopeless. With a shout of triumph he roared across the finishing line as the starter's flag dropped. With a garland of flowers draped across the streaming radiator he slowly drove to the paddock. Victory was his!

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"Hen" Truty	Gawky	His blush	'Gosh	Being late	Sit Down Striker
Reg. Clarke	Fluffy	Audrey	Homework? No, Sir!	Waving his hair	Bookkeeper?
"Brock" Hill	Dumb	Snooker	What's up	Warming bench	C.C.F. worker
Mr. Pugh	Mae-Westy	Golf?	Strike Out	Rolling his own	Gigolo
Ina Brown	Delovely	Boys	Hello Handsome	Anything the boys do	Fan Dancer
'Steve' Washer	Charlie Chase Bert	Charlie Chase Bert	Where's Bert	Looking for Bert	Debutramp
Dr. Wingfield	Ferocious	Talking	One picture is worth 10,000 words	Waving his moustache	Trap dancer
Vince Lynam	Sneaky	Femmes	Yes, sir:	Taking showers	Ballet dancer
A. Merrilees	Angelic	Spaghetti	It's a "wow."	Cub Reporting	Publicity Man
Mr. Greenwood	Simple	His hair	Stop staring, girls	Blushing	Happily married
Gee. Mackay	Paseable	Grinning	Hot stuff, eh?	Setting that wave	Garbage picker
Nancy Rowan	Amusing	Flirting	Seen Graham	Knoxing	H.S.R. conductor
Bert Lavis	Grouchy	Steve	Where's Steve?	Looking for Steve	Stooge for Steve

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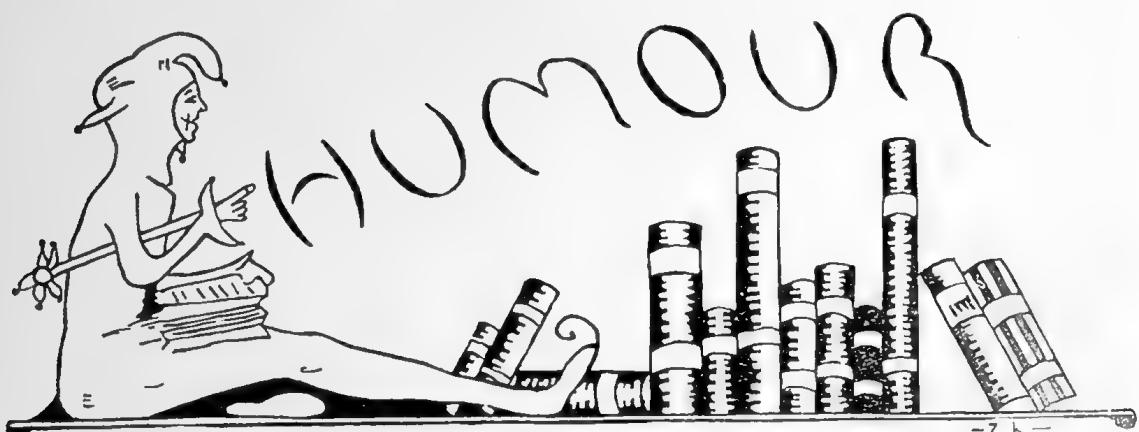
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First Form

A. Morton: "I think I'll sue the English instructor for libel."

A. Morrison: "What for?"

A. Morton—"He wrote on my English essay: 'Your antecedents are bad, and your relatives are poor'."

* * * *

B. Urlin—"My word, doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

R. Wardle: "He surely does. He may know the words, but he doesn't put any expression in them."

* * * *

Traffic Cop: "See here! Keep on the proper side of the white line."

P. Rosenblatt: "What line? I can't see any white line."

Traffic Cop: "Well, ain't you got any imagination?"

* * * *

Jack Stein, now a tailor, had a great desire to hear one of his patrons, a famous tenor, sing, so the tenor gave him tickets for the performance of "Tosca" and later asked him how he liked the show.

"Oh, it was awful," replied Stein.

"Awful? How So?" asked the tenor.

"Your coat," groaned Stein, "was too tight under the arms."

* * * *

A. Gubbins: "Why don't you like girls?"

W. Lee: "They're too biased."

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A. Gubbins: "Biased?"

W. Lee: "Yes, bias this, and bias that until I'm broke."

* * * *

Farmer Dorania: "That Dennee boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Farmer Mitton—"Well, if he was any steadier, he'd be motionless."

* * * *

Miss Dore: "Why were you late this morning, Toll?"

Toll: "The bell rang before I got here."

* * * *

H. Shurvin: "Was there a very big gate at the game today?"

R. Waugh: "I'll say! It was the biggest gate I've climbed over."

* * * *

F. Augustiny: "I had my head read the other day and he said I'd be a school teacher."

L. Skelton: "That's nothing, my head was red when it grew in."

* * * *

E. Laskin: "See that man over there? He's a sculptor."

T. Leggatt: "But he has only one arm."

E. Laskin: "Sure, he holds the chisel in his mouth and hits himself on the back of the head."

* * * *

F. Ball: "I made this cake all myself."

E. Arnett: "Fine! Who helped you lift it out of the oven?"

* * * *

D. Keys: "Where do you live now?"

L. Langford: "Dundas."

D. Keys: "Isn't that the place where they ring the curfew every night at seven?"

L. Langford: "They used to but they don't any more."

D. Keys: "Why not?"

L. Langford: "Because it woke everybody up."

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Mr. Day: "Why do you suppose it's so hard for me to make you understand me?"

M. McLeod: "I—I can't think."

Mr. Day: "That's the reason."

* * * *

L. Jinks: "What were children of the Czar called?"

H. Joslin: "Czardines."

* * * *

S Lajzo: "I used to live down in Panama."

I. Lineham: "Now I know why they put locks on the canal."

* * * *

M. Buchanan: "I worked on that problem till

five o'clock this morning."

Mr. Pugh: "Tut, tut. Did you finally get the idea?"

M. Buchanan: "Yes, sir. It began to dawn on me."

* * * *

Mrs. Pothier: "This is the third time you've looked at Buchanan's paper."

J. Todd: "Yes, ma'am, he doesn't write very plainly."

* * * *

B. Scott: "Can you dance on one foot?"

G. Smuck: "Of course."

B. Scott: "Then keep off my other one."

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Second Form

M. Tappan: "Why do they put a hyphen in bird-eng?"

M. Howard: "Or the bird to sit on."

* * * * *

M. Borland: "Why do birds fly south?"

M. Collier: "It's too far to walk."

* * * * *

Miss French: "Use the word disguise in a sentence."

D. Day: "Dis guy's the best player in the league."

* * * * *

B. Jarvis: "Did you go to the prom in a taxi?"

G. Moncur: "No, I walked."

* * * * *

J. MacKenzie: "I'm not sure I quite understand those knee-action wheels."

H. Huff: "Why it's like this—the wheels goes. So if you run over a pedestrian, you hardly see 'em."

M. Ellis: "What were the names of the people who live in the Garden of Eden?"

R. Hartley: "The Adamites."

* * * * *

G. McLean: "This one of the class taken Economics?"

D. McCann: "I took it half a year."

G. MacKee: "I suppose you didn't get much in half a year."

D. McCann: "No, I got only thirty."

* * * * *

V. Hark: "How I just bumped my cravat pocket."

M. MacLean: "Put your hat on, then the bump won't show."

* * * * *

D. Wilson: "Students have never seen these insects like?"

D. MacKee: "Millions?"

M. Wilson: "Yes. A student finds seven two-millions crowding the rug."

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G. Robinson: "How did you get banged up?"

G. Smith: "Skiing."

G. Robinson: "What happened?"

G. Smith: "Couldn't decide which side of the tree to go around."

* * * *

I. Weichelt: "Do you know how long elephants should be fed?"

Y. de Pelham: "Oh, the same as you feed short ones."

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V. Hall: "My aunt in Venice is sending me a gondola for my birthday. How am I going to play it?"

J. Hamer: "Such ignorance. You don't play a gondola, you throw it over your shoulders like a shawl."

* * * *

M. Stoneman: "Were you out in all that rain?"

D. Stott: "No, just the part that fell around me."

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B. Westcott: "What counts most in business?"
 J. White: "The adding machine."
 * * * *

The joke that was to be in this space has been censored.

* * * *

Mr. Greenwood's class in composition was to give pantomimes that afternoon.

N. Lihou stood up at the front but stood perfectly still. "Well," said Mr. Greenwood, after waiting a minute for something to happen, "What do you represent?"

"A man going up in an elevator," replied Lihou.

* * * *

Lois W. and Mr. Smith met in the hall the other day.

Mr. Smith: "Well, Lois, I just read one of your compositions."

Lois: "My last one?"

Mr. Smith: "I hope so."

Miss Duffy: "Who were the first two men to work on confederation in Nova Scotia?"

A. Mitton: "Tupper."

G. Younger: "And Howe!"

* * * *

D. Brown: "I think that I've discovered a great labor-saving device."

A. Browne: "Good! What is it?"

D. Brown: "I may marry an heiress."

* * * *

N. Gray: "I was sick in bed on Wednesday."

M. Horton: "Anthing serious?"

N. Gray: "Oh, no, just an arithmetic exam."

* * * *

Dr. Wingfield: "Are you a mechanic?"

George McK.: "No, I'm a McKay."

* * * *

G. Smuck: "How many collars do you wear a week?"

V. Richardson: "You mean how many weeks do I wear a collar!"

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Doctor visiting Halford in bed: "How did you get here?"

D. Halford: "Flu."

* * * *

Mr. Pugh: "Why the quotation marks all over this exam paper?"

P. Loverick: "Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."

* * * *

A. Maddock: "Now, let's measure the horse-power of a donkey engine."

M. Schultz: "Naw, that's an assy idea."

* * * *

Mr. Smith (to history class): "When did the revival of learning begin?"

V. Clute: "Just before the exams."

* * * *

Clerk in bookstore: "Yes, we have a geography text, 65 cents."

A. Maddock: "Any amusement tax?"

* * * *

H. Le Van: "How dare you swear before my sister?"

W. Baraza: "I'm very sorry, sir; I was unaware that your sister wished to swear first."

K. Tilbury: "No girl ever made a fool out of me."

G. Shevel: "Who was it then?"

* * * *

Mr. Greenwood (during exam): "Young man, what have you to say about that writing on your cuff?"

W. Urlin: "Isn't it terrible the way the laundry treats one's shirts?"

* * * *

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist of Mr. Elliott as he placed him in the chair.

"Yes," replied Mr. Elliott, "about five gallons, and take a look at the oil."

* * * *

A. Semenuk: "What is your ambition?"

J. Russell: "To be a cashier in a police station."

A. Semenuk: "What do you do?"

J. Russell: "Oh, count the coppers as they come in and sweep out the quarters."

* * * *

C. Milliken: "Mighty mean man I'm working for."

B. Towers: "What's the matter?"

C. Milliken: "He cuts the legs off the wheelbarrow so's I couldn't set it down."

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COMPLIMENTS of a FRIEND

J. Waterfield: "I just drive unconsciously."

R. Badger: "So that's the trouble."

* * * *

N. Berkes: "I'm collecting for a poet's hospital."

E. Cable: "Come 'round tomorrow and I'll have a couple for you."

* * * *

D. Ashworth: "Shall we tell the one about the cheer leader?"

M. Davidson: "Now, now, no rah jokes."

* * * *

P. Davidson to her mother, proudly: "Mr. Greenwood said I had a genius for inventing".

Pat's Mother: "For inventing what?"

P. Davidson: "For inventing new Canadian History stories."

* * * *

M. Cunningham: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

Waiter: "That's quite all right, Ma'am, it can swim!"

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and Presentation Gifts

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Third Form

K. Macaulay: "Oh, are you really a mind reader?"

G. Nicklin: "Yes, I am."

K. Macaulay: "Then I hope you'll not be offended. I didn't mean what I thought about you."

* * * *

J. Morgan: "I've gone into truck farming."

N. Dawson: "You can't fool me. You don't raise trucks. They come from the factory."

* * * *

J. Pirie: "Have you no ethics?"

J. Taylor: "No, I traded it for an Austin."

* * * *

J. De Vries (to driver of a new streamlined car): "Which way are you going, sir?"

A. Wagstaffe: "What's the difference to you?"

J. De Vries: "Well, I just wanted to cross the street."

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Mr. Fourcar: "Can you tell us something about Good Friday?"

M. Ball: "Yes'm; he was the fellow that did housework for Robinson Crusoe."

* * * *

Barber: "Here comes a man for a shave."

D. Dolman: "Let me practise on him."

Barber: "All right, but be careful and do not cut yourself."

* * * *

J. McEnnery: "Pay your taxes with a smile."

R. McCrimmon: "I should love to, but they insist on cash."

* * * *

E. Barker: "What do you call the man who drives a car?"

O. Levay: "It all depends on how close he comes to me."

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O. Kenniker: "Every day we breathe oxygen. What do we breathe at night?"

A. Keyworth: "Nitrogen."

* * * *

D. Fox: "Mr. Purdy drives one of those after-dinner cars."

R. McKay: "What kind is that?"

D. Fox: "V8."

* * * *

C. Fryer: "Got away, has he? Did you guard all the entrances?"

D. Williams: "Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the exits."

* * * *

G. Agnew: "My dad is an Elk, a Moose, and a Lion."

B. McMurray: "How much does it cost to see him?"

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Grafton Clothing is made and guaranteed by Grafton & Co. Ltd.

A. Southall: "What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

Miss Ferguson: "The 'Help Wanted' column."

* * * *

M. Warwick: "Can you tell me where Napoleon was born?"

C. Foster: "Why, of Corsican."

* * * *

B. Lavis "Where do all the bugs go in winter?"

J. Brown: "Search me."

B. Lavis: "I don't want them, I just wanted to know where they went."

G. Field: "Deer hunters will endure rain and cold with pleasure just to bag their game."

G. Lobban: "Yeah, that's so. What a man won't do just for a couple of bucks."

* * * *

I. Clegg: "And some day the worm will turn."

J. Bingham: "But what's its idea in turning. It's the same on both sides, isn't it?"

* * * *

J. Jarvis: "Reciting memory work from 'As you Like it'—'The Sixth age shifts into the lean and pantered slipsaloan.'

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Sporting Goods Dept.

The G. W. Robinson Co.
 LIMITED

R. Moffatt: "I had an awful fright last night."

N. Rowan: "Yeah, I saw him."

* * * *

As the advertising man proposed, he said "Now remember this is the last day for my astounding offer."

Special Forms

J. Carter: "I'm a marked man."

S. Poloski: "Ah, so you've been skating again."

* * * *

Miss Lorraway: "Young man, this is the fifth time this week that I have called on you to recite the lesson and you have not known it. What have you to say?"

G. Mitchell: "Well, I'm awfully glad that it is Friday."

* * * *

F. Nash: "What kind of a change takes place when a bomb explodes?"

B. Porteous: "A change of scenery."

* * * *

J. Simms: "A magazine writer tells us that a dog fills an empty place in a man's life."

V. Lynam: "This is especially true of the hot dog."

Wits and Halfwits

Continued from age 28

Just then the door blew open, and the lamp went out. I ran and shut the door, and began searching for a match, but I couldn't find one. By that time the fire had burned to ashes and I couldn't depend on its light. I felt my way into the kitchen only to find no matches. It was then I heard it. I thought my blood had turned to water, I was so cold. The most unearthly yell. Was it the ghost of the former owner? At certain intervals it came like a human voice yelling with

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OF

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22 JAMES ST. N.,

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Retailers to Thrifty Canadians

fright. Then it stopped. I moved like lightning into the other room. I slapped my pockets and found one lonely match with which I lit the lamp and then the fire.

"Oooooowwww," came that ungodly sound again. I looked at my watch—a minute past twelve. Was it not the saying that ghosts visited their old haunts at twelve o'clock? I wasn't afraid, but I was uncomfortable. A haunted house, a lonely man, two miles from the village, and that unearthly howl. Who wouldn't be uncomfortable? Finally I blew out the lamp and tried to go to sleep on the couch before the fire. In the morning I was still awake and very, very sleepy. That howling had continued all night and had made me sleepless.

By that time I had made up my mind to leave for the city that very morning.

Once in the city I went to the real estate man and told him my troubles. To my surprise he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry," he said, between laughing and wiping his eyes, "but you have been fooled and I forgot to warn you."

"Warn me," I explained.

"Yes, warn you. The gas attendant is saving up to buy that house so he can get married. The stranger who visited you is a friend of his who helped him out and the noise was a police dog they have trained to imitate human voices. He must have left it behind. I meant to warn you because they do the same thing to everyone who attempts to buy the house, but it will be stopped now."

After this explanation he began laughing again.

"Ghosts," he said and laughed even louder.

I picked up my hat, crushed it on my head, yelled good-bye and slammed the door.

Retribution

Continued from Page 15

with absolutely no sign of his late adversaries. Damp, chilling rain was falling now but he was not conscious of it as he clambered in his car to make his journey home. As he bent to insert the key in the lock his hand came into contact with a square of cardboard. He lifted it to the light. He looked and with an almost insane laugh realized

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THE GREGG PUBLISHING COMPANY
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why his car had been examined. A summons for parking by a fire hydrant!

At a snail's pace he drove his super-six home taking a wide detour from the district which had been so disastrous to him. Slowly he drove up the side drive, and into the garage. Without bothering to lock up the garage he entered the house by way of the kitchen. Just then it dawned on him that the house was strangely quiet and dark. Usually at this hour the house was lit up and the radio was blaring forth its evening quota of jazz. Through the kitchen and into the dining room he made his way to face the greatest blow the evening had yet to offer.

He wilted at its awful blast taking it all in at a glance—a bowed, sobbing figure, a sheet-covered form on the chesterfield. Almost hysterically he clutched at the weeping figure which fell into his arms. "Mary, what—?"

"It's Jimmie—some hit and run driver—".

Native: "What do you think of our town?"

Fox: "Well it certainly is unique."

Native: "What do you mean by unique?"

Fox: "Well it comes from two Latin words, "unus," meaning one, and "c^oquus" meaning horse."



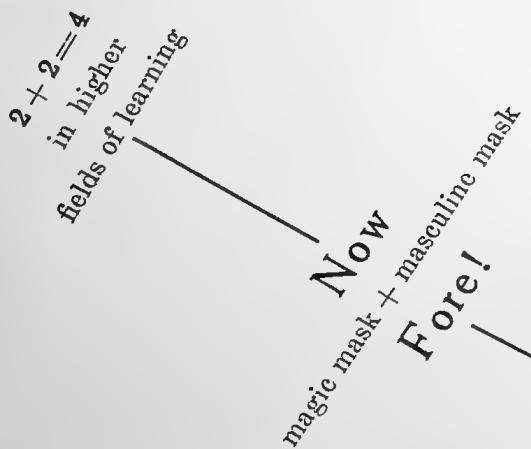
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and

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. . . the word is out across the fairways, the highways, the byways! Duo discovery in cosmetics! Cleopatra would see that her mud pack had gone with the winds. Mark A. would have instructed his barber to administer it.

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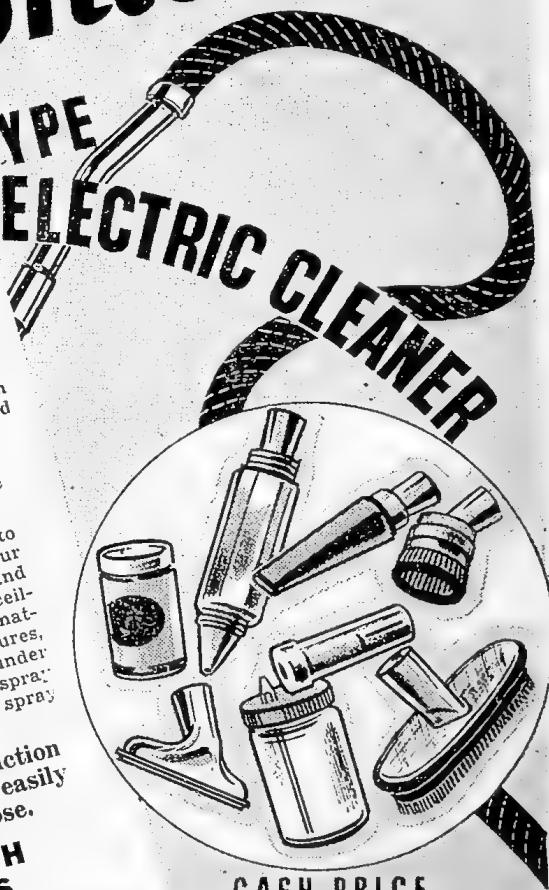
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EAST

SPECIAL FORM

Judge: "You admit you drove over this man with a loaded truck."

E. Skelton: "Yes, your honour."

Judge: "And what have you to say in your defense?"

E. Skelton: "I didn't know it was loaded."

* * * *

A. Davidson was visiting the aquarium. "Can you tell me whether I could get a live shark here?" she asked an attendant.

"A live shark? What could you do with a live shark?"

"A neighbor's cat has been eating my goldfish and I want to teach him a lesson."

* * * *

J. Bond: "Yes, Hodgson, is the most successful salesman I know."

J. Meiler: "What's his success?"

J. Bond: "Yesterday he sold Mrs. Brown two dozen stair carpet rods."

J. Meiler: "I don't see anything very wonderful in that."

J. Bond: "Neither did I until I realized that the Browns live in a bungalow."

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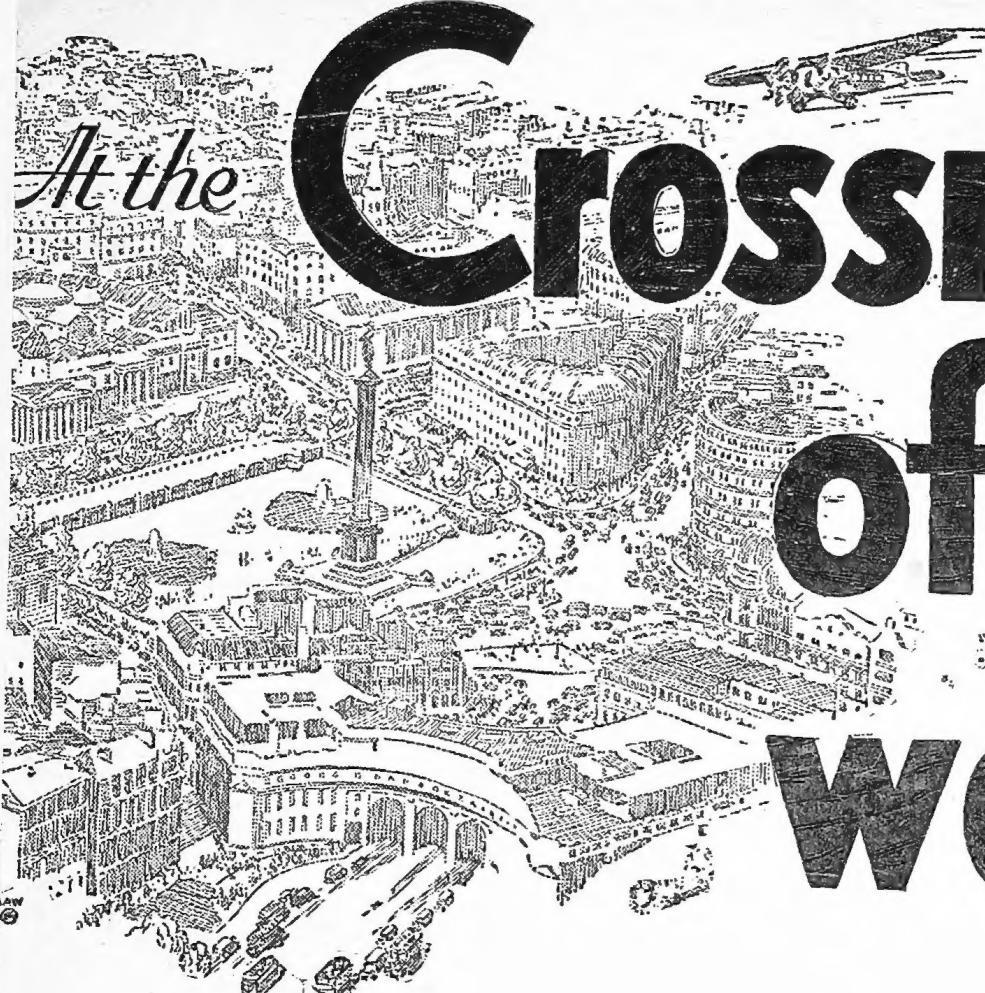
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At the Crossroads of the World

THREE is always NEWS in London, where the world changes cars. Things happen there. People who are doing things that make history and saying things that make NEWS are to be found there. So the Daily Star maintains its own correspondent in London, in order that Star readers will get the news the day it happens . . . News in which Canadians are particularly interested . . . written by a Canadian who sees things from a Canadian viewpoint. Halton interviews Hannen Swaffer, socialist, iconoclastic critic of all things, who piques your vanity or amuses you—according to how you take it—when he says that Canadians are just “imitation American”; . . . reports a speech by Bonar Thompson, Hyde Park soap-box orator—interesting if not taken seriously—who says he stopped working when he attained

wisdom; . . . interviews Sir Oswald Mosely, patrician-born socialist, “The Infant Terrible of British Politics,” founder and leader of the British Fascist Movement, whose radical views are always News, irrespective of what you may think of them; . . . talks with General Jan Christian Smuts, Boer Leader in the South African War, now ardent Imperialist.

And from London, Halton flies to Leningrad . . . to Paris . . . to Berlin . . . to Madrid . . . to wherever NEWS breaks that is of interest to Canadians.

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